

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY SARA J. RUMSEY.

Years ago, the Thorn-apple tree,  
Down in the meadow, was white with bloom,  
And the sweet south wind as it whispered low  
Told of the coming spring's perfume—

The lilac buds were bursting the cells  
Where the chains of Winter had kept them  
long,  
And the river that flashed back the sunset rays,  
Sang in its freedom a triumph song.

And robins again from their olden haunts,  
Told their gladness in loudest strain,  
And one lone whippoorwill's plaintive voice  
Floated afar with its sad refrain.

There, in the freshness of early spring,  
In a glowing sunset of fragrant May,  
You gave me a bough from the milk-white  
Thorn,  
With a look I've treasured for many a day.

'Twas not the beauty of earth or air,  
For years have passed with their bud and bloom,  
And spring once more with its balmy breath,  
Has gilded the valley with soft perfume.

The purple slopes of the twilight hills  
Are tinged with the sunset's golden glow,  
And a far-off whippoorwill sings even now,  
As in that spring-time of long ago.

Hill, vale, and river are still the same,  
The waves laugh yet by the grassy shore,  
And the robin that sang there many a year,  
Sings in the tree before my door.

But never a charm have the purple hills,  
Or the laughing ripples along the shore,  
And the singing birds, and the sunset sky,  
Can thrill me with rapture now no more.

I see their beauty, but in my heart  
One scene, one memory only abides—  
A pleading face, with its tender glance,  
Dearer than all the world besides.

And many a time in the years gone by,  
I've roved under that Thorn-apple tree,  
And with half-closed eyelids and waiting breath,  
Dreamed that soft glance was bent on me.

But I wake to feel the glory of earth  
For me has vanished about the stream—  
The changing, turbulent stream of life;  
And all that's left is indeed a dream.

Printed Post, N. Y.

## THE MYSTERY.

OR,

### The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTER,"  
"DANSBURY HOUSE," "THE  
RED COURT FARM," & C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the  
year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's  
Office of the District Court for the Eastern Dis-  
trict of Pennsylvania.]

Now, who was insane?—I? or Lady Chan-  
dos? or Hill? It seemed to me that it must  
be one of us, for assuredly all this savored  
of insanity. What was it that called Lady Chan-  
dos? That she was perfectly well in health,  
I felt persuaded; and she was up, and  
dressed, and active; no symptom whatever  
of the invalid was about her. Could it be,  
that her mind was affected? or was she so  
overcome with grief at the previous night's  
exploits of Mr. Chandos as to be obliged to  
remain in retirement? The latter supposition  
appeared the more feasible—and I  
weighed the case in all its bearings.

But not quite feasible, either. For Hill  
appeared to be full mistress of the subject of  
the mystery, whatever it might be, and Mr.  
Chandos had said she had no suspicion of his  
malady. Oh, dear! I dwelt upon it all till  
my head ached; and to get rid of my per-  
plexities, I went strolling into the open air.

It was a fine sunny day, and the blue-  
tint of the bloom upon the pine trees looked  
lovely in the gleaming light. I turned down  
a shady walk to the left, which took me to a  
part of the grounds where I had never yet  
penetrated, remote and very solitary. The  
path was narrow, scarcely admitting of two  
persons passing each other, and the privet  
hedge on either side, with the overhanging  
trees—those very pines I spoke of; but there  
were other pine trees near the house—im-  
parted to it an air of excessive gloom. The  
path wound in its course; and, in turning one  
of its angles, I came right in face of some one  
advancing, some one who was so close as to  
touch me; and my heart leaped into my  
mouth, for it was Mr. Edwin Barley.

"Good-morning, young lady."  
"Good-morning, sir," I stammered, sick  
almost unto death, lest he should recognize  
me; though why that excessive dread of his  
recognition should be upon me, I cannot ex-  
plain. He was again trespassing on Chandos;  
but it was not for me, in my timidity, to tell

him so; neither had I any business to set  
myself forward in upholding the rights of  
Chandos.

"All well at the house?" he continued.  
"Yes, thank you. All, except Lady Chan-  
dos. She keeps her room this morning."

"You are a visitor at Chandos, I pre-  
sume?"  
"For a little time, sir."

"So I judged, when I saw you with Harry  
Chandos. That you were not Miss Chandos,  
who married that Frenchman, I knew, for  
you bear no resemblance to her; and she is  
the only daughter of the family. I fancied  
they did not welcome strangers at Chan-  
dos."

I made no answer; though he stared at  
me with his jet black eyes, as if waiting  
for it.

"How I wished to get away! but it was im-  
possible to pass by him without rudeness,  
and he stood blocking up the confined path.

"Are you a confidential friend of the fam-  
ily?" he resumed.

"No, sir; I am not to be called a friend at  
all; quite otherwise. Until a few days ago,  
I was a stranger to them. Accident brought  
me then to Chandos, but my stay here will  
be temporary."

"I should be glad to make your acquaint-  
ance by name," he went on, never taking  
those fierce eyes off me. "Will you favor me  
with it?"

I felt my face grow red and white, hot and  
cold. I had answered his questions, feeling  
that I dared not resist; that I feared to show  
him might but civility; but—to give him my  
name; to rush, as it were, into the lion's  
jaws! No, I would not do that; and I  
plucked up what courage was left me.

"My name is of no consequence, sir. I am  
but a very humble individual, and little more  
than a schoolgirl. I was brought here by a  
lady, who, immediately upon her arrival, was  
recalled home by illness in her family, and I  
am in daily expectation of a summons from  
her; after which I daresay I shall never see  
Chandos or any of its inmates again. Will  
you be kind enough to allow me to pass?"

"You must mean Miss Chandos—I don't  
recollect her married name," said he, without  
stirring. "I heard she had been here; and  
left almost as soon as she came."

I bowed my head and tried to pass him. I  
might as readily have tried to jump the privet  
hedge.

"Some lady was taken away ill, yester-  
day," he resumed. "Who was it?"  
"It was Mrs. Freeman."

"Oh—the companion. I thought as much.  
Is she very ill?"

"It was something of a fit, I believe. It  
did not last long."

"Those fits are ticklish things," he re-  
marked. "I should think she will not be in a  
state to return for some time—if at all.

"They'll be wanting to fill up her place, won't  
they?"  
"Only the family."

"Ah! the family—of course. I mean what  
members of it?"

"All, except Madame de Mellisse and  
Sir Thomas Chandos."

"That is, there are Lady Chandos, her son,  
and daughter-in-law. That comprises the  
whole, I suppose—except you."

"Yes, it does. But I must really beg you  
to allow me to pass, sir."

"You are welcome now, and I am going  
to turn, myself. It is pleasant to have met  
an intelligent lady; and I hope we often shall  
meet, that I may hear good tidings of my  
friends at Chandos. We were intimate once,  
but a coolness has risen between us, and I do  
not go there. Good-day."

He turned and walked rapidly back. I  
struck into the nearest side walk I could  
find, and nearly struck against Mr. Chandos,  
who was walking down it.

"Are you alone, Miss Hereford? I surely  
heard voices."

"A gentleman met me, sir, and spoke."

"A gentleman—in this remote part of the  
grounds?" he repeated, looking keenly at me  
as a flush rose to his face. "Was it any one  
you knew?"

"It was the same who came into the broad  
walk, and whom you ordered out; the new  
tenant. He is gone now."

"He! and he was here—in this walk?"  
reiterated Mr. Chandos, his broad brow con-  
tracting, and the flush deepening.

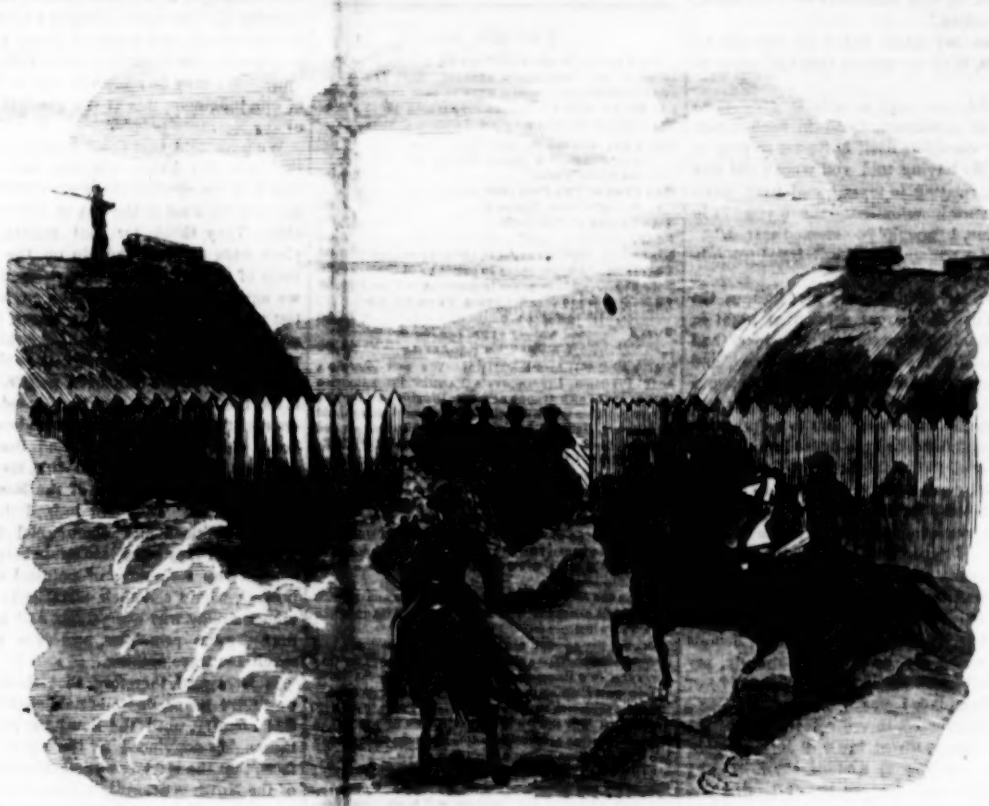
"I found out the walk by accident, sir, and  
I met him in it. He stopped and accosted  
me with several questions—which I deemed  
rude of him to do."

"What did he ask you?"

"He wished to know my name; who I  
was; but I did not satisfy him. He inquired  
also after your family, and asked what mem-  
bers of it were at home."

"And you told him?"

"There was no need to tell him, sir, for he  
mentioned the names to me: yourself, Lady,  
and Mrs. Chandos."



STOCKADE AND GATE CLOSING THE APPROACH TO THE LONG BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC, AT WASHINGTON.

"Ethel! how dared he mention her? What  
did he call her?—Mrs. Chandos?"

"He did not mention her by name, sir; he  
said 'daughter-in-law.' I did not tell Mr.  
Chandos that the designation made an im-  
pression upon me, establishing the supposi-  
tion that Mrs. Chandos was a daughter-in-law."

"And pray what did he call me?"  
"Harry Chandos."

"Well, now mark me, Miss Hereford. That  
man accosted you to worm out what he could  
of our every-day life at home. His name is  
Barley—Edwin Barley. He is a bitter enemy  
of ours, and if he could pick up any trifles  
that he might turn about and work up into  
an injury to us, he would do so. You—you  
did not tell him what I imparted to you this  
morning touching myself?" he continued  
anxiously.

"Oh, Mr. Chandos! How can you ask the  
question? Did I not promise you to hold it  
sacred?"

"Forgive me," he gently said—"nay, I am  
sorry to have pained you," for the tears had  
risen to my eyes.

"Do not doubt my good faith, Mr. Chan-  
dos."

"I will not. I do not. But be upon your  
guard should Mr. Edwin Barley stop you  
again. He is a cunning, bad man, and were  
you to betray much of our affairs to him, it  
might do us an incalculable mischief; a  
chance word, which to you might appear in-  
nocent and trifling, might be sufficient for it.  
Will you remember this, Miss Hereford?"

I promised him I would, and went back to  
the house, the meeting with Mr. Edwin Bar-  
ley had cured me of my wish to walk. A  
gentleman—it was the curate of the parish—  
stood at the hall door as I reached it, con-  
ferring with the butler; he was asking to see  
Lady Chandos.

"My lady is ill in bed, sir," was Hickens's  
reply, his long, grave face giving ample token  
that he held belief in his own words.

"I am sorry to hear that. Is her illness  
serious?"

"Pretty well, sir, I believe. Mrs. Hill fears  
it will be days before her ladyship is down  
again. She used to be subject to dreadful  
bilious attacks. I suppose it's one of them  
come back again."

The curate gave in a card, left a message,  
and departed. So it appeared that Hill was  
regarding the servants with the same story that  
she had told me. I could have spoken up,  
had I dared, and said there was nothing the  
matter with the health of Lady Chandos.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE COMMOTION IN THE CORRIDOR.

I went down to dinner, wondering who  
would be at it, who preside. I think I have  
said that it was generally laid in the oak par-  
lor, avoiding any ceremony of parading from  
drawing room to dining-room. The servants  
were placing the dishes on the table, but no  
one was there—in another moment Mr. Chan-  
dos came in.

"A small company to-day, Miss Hereford;  
only you and I," he laughed, as we took our  
seats.

"Is Lady Chandos not sufficiently well to  
dine, sir?" I asked.

"She will eat something, no doubt. Hill

takes care of her mistress. I met her carry-  
ing up the tray as I came down."

"I suppose I am not the cause of your dining  
down stairs," I rejoined, the unpleasant  
thought striking me that it might be so.

"Perhaps, but for me, you would take your  
dinner with Lady Chandos?"

"Nothing of the sort, I assure you. Were  
it not for you, I should sit here in solitary  
state and eat my lonely dinner with what  
appetite I might. And a solitary dinner is  
not good for the digestion, the doctors tell  
us. Did any one call while I was out, Hick-  
ens?"

"Only Mr. Jarvis, sir. I think he wanted  
to see my lady about the new schools. He  
was very particular in asking what was the  
matter with her, and I said I thought it might  
be one of those old bilious attacks come on  
again. My lady had a bad one or two at  
times, years ago, sir, you may remember."

"Ay," replied Mr. Chandos, but it was all  
the comment he made.

"Is Lady Chandos subject to bilious at-  
tacks?" I inquired of Mr. Chandos.

"Not particularly. She has been free from  
them lately."

"Did you know, sir," continued Hickens,  
"that we have had news of Mrs. Freeman?"

"No. When did it come? I hope it's  
good."

"Not very good, sir. It came half an hour  
ago. She had another fit to-day, in the fore-  
noon, and it certain now that she won't be  
able to come back here for a long while, if  
she is at all. The relation that she is with  
wrote to Mrs. Hill, who took up the note  
to my lady. Hill says she fancied when she  
left there were symptoms of a second attack."

Mr. Chandos leaned back for a moment in  
his chair, forgotful that he was at dinner and  
not alone. He was in a reverie, but, as his  
eye fell on me, he shook it off, and spoke.

"Her not returning will prove an incon-  
venience to Mrs. Chandos."

"I'm afraid it will, sir," rejoined Hickens,  
who had fancied himself addressed, though in  
point of fact Mr. Chandos had been uncon-  
sciously spoken about his thoughts. Hickens  
had been a long while in the family was a  
faithful and valued servant; consequently he  
was allowed more home than some would  
have been. "I worried Mrs. Chandos's maid,  
sir, not to tell her mistress about Mrs. Free-  
man's being worse," he went on. "I would  
do no good, and only worry her."

Mr. Chandos slightly nodded, and the con-  
clusion Mr. Chandos, after taking one glass  
of wine, rose.

"I must apologize for leaving you alone,  
Miss Hereford, but I believe my mother will  
be expecting me to sit with her. Be sure you  
make yourself at home, and ring for tea  
when you wish for it."

"Shall you not be in to tea, sir?"

"I think not. At all events, don't wait."

Dreary enough was it for me, sitting in  
that great solitary room. It seemed that it  
would be less dreary out of doors; and, when  
the servants came in to move the dessert, I  
threw on a shawl and passed quietly out. It  
was scarcely to be called dark yet, though I  
suspect it would have been but for the un-  
usually clear, calm atmosphere, and the  
moon I suppose was near its rising, though I  
could not see it.

All seemed still; no soul was about, no

voices were to be heard; neither did any  
light gleam from the windows of the west  
wing; a slight glimmering, as of fire, spark-  
led up now and then in what I had under-  
stood was Lady Chandos's sitting room, for  
the curtains were not drawn. In the east  
wing, the apartments of Mrs. Chandos, there  
appeared plenty of cheerful blaze, both from  
fire and candle, and as I glanced up I saw  
the slight form of Mrs. Chandos come to the  
window, stand at it to look out, and then  
vanish. I passed round to the back of the  
house, never having explored that locality,  
it was a good opportunity to do so then. But  
I did not bargain for a great sheet of light  
into which I was thrown on turning an angle.

It proceeded from a room where the maid  
servants were ironing, and I hastily drew  
aside under cover of a projecting out build-  
ing. I knew the maids of the house by this  
time by name, and recognized those in the  
room for Harriet and Emma, a third, Eliza-  
beth, exiled generally by the other servants  
Lizzy—at by the ironing stove, taking no  
part in the employment. They were talking  
fast, in that tone of voice which betrays the  
subject to be a covert one, and every word  
penetrated to me through the window, which  
they had thrown open to let out the heat.

"You may preach from now till to-morrow  
morning," exclaimed Harriet, "but you will  
never make me believe that folks's ghost ap-  
pear before they die. It is an old nature's or-  
der."

"No, no, no, I'll stand to that," and  
which more, I'll stand to that I ask it last  
night," cried Lizzy. "I have got a bit of  
seeing that I wanted to finish, so I set to it after  
I got up to bed. Emma went into bed, but  
didn't go to sleep, for we were talking. After  
that I undressed myself, and put out the can-  
dle, and in taking a last look from the casement,  
for there never was a lovelier night—  
there I saw him. I thought I should have  
sawered off dead. Ask Emma."

"But it might have been Mr. Chandos him-  
self, not his ghost," argued Harriet.

"You might be a fool, but I daresay you'd  
stand to it you are right," retorted Lizzy.

"Don't tell you that in the old days when  
used to see that apparition when we knew  
Mr. Harry was safe in his bedroom? and once  
I can remember my only to tell you like it  
appeared when Mr. Harry was miles and miles  
away, and half the household saw it, over  
the wide sea, he was gone to that French  
place where Miss Emily was at school. It  
was at the time she left it. Who but an ap-  
parition would do that in and out of trees after  
that fashion? Mr. Harry would no more do  
such ill-doing work, in his sober senses, than  
he'd try to fly in the air."

There was a pause. Harriet winked her  
iron away to the moon, changed it, and came  
back again. "Did you see it last night, Em-  
ma?" she presently asked.

"Yes, I did. Lizzy gave a shriek, saying  
that the ghost had come again, which made  
me tumble out of bed in double quick time,  
for I never believed it for a moment. There  
it was, as plain as day."

"Who was it like?"

"Like! It was Mr. Chandos; there's no  
mistaking him. A tall, handsome, upright  
man such as him, with them beautiful fea-  
tures, ain't hard to know, or easy to mis-  
take."

"It's a thing incredible," uttered Harriet.

"Let's suppose—for sake of the argument  
under discussion—that it is Mr. Chandos's  
ghost that walks: what good does it do?  
what does it come for?"

"I never heard yet that ghosts stooped to  
explain their motives," said Lizzy. "How  
should we know why it comes?"

"And I never heard yet that ghosts of live  
people came at all," persisted Harriet, in re-  
crimination. "And I don't think anybody  
else ever did."

"But you know that's only your igno-  
rance, Harriet. There are certain people  
born into the world with their own fates  
or wraiths, which appear sometimes with  
them, sometimes at a distance, and Mr. Harry  
must be one. I heard of one person—she  
was a lady's maid—and while she was with  
her mistress in Scotland her fetch used to  
walk about in England, startling acquaint-  
ances into fits. Some people call 'em dou-  
bles."

"But what's the use of them?" reiterated  
Harriet. "what service do they render?"

"Harriet, don't you be profane, and set up  
your back again spirituous things," retorted  
Lizzy. "I knew a man as never could be  
brought to reverence such; he mocked at 'em  
like any heathen, saying he'd fight single-  
handed the best ten ghosts that ever walked  
for ten pound a side, and wishing he could  
get the chance. What was the awful conse-  
quence? that man got blind drunk one night  
at the public, walked into the canal in mis-  
take for the path, as he was going home, and  
was drowned!"

Another pause. Emma replenished the  
stove, took a fresh iron, singed a rag in rub-  
bing it, and continued her work. Where I  
stood I could see all their movements.

"How was it first seen?" resumed Harriet,  
"or came to be known that it was Mr. Chan-  
dos?"

"Mr. Chandos's ghost," corrected Lizzy,  
patulantly stamping her foot, for the other's  
disbelief was irritating her. "And as to its  
being known for Mr. Chandos, have human  
creatures got eyes, or have they not?"

"It is to be hoped most of us have," returned  
Harriet.

"It happened in this way," said Lizzy.  
"Mr. Harry was over the water, as I tell you,  
and—"

"But report went that it had been seen a  
year or two before that," interrupted Emma.

"I know, I heard, but I can't say nothing  
to it, for I wasn't here," rejoined Lizzy. "I  
wish you wouldn't interrupt me. Mr. Harry  
was over the water, and one of the servants  
stopped out late one evening without leave.  
Phoebe it was, who's married now. She had  
missed the train and had to walk, and it was  
between twelve and one when she got in, and  
me and Ann sitting up for her, in a desperate  
fright lest Mrs. Hill should find it out. In she  
came all in a flutter, saying Mr. Harry was in  
the railway station; was afraid he had been  
seen. Of course we thought it was Mr. Harry  
come home and that the house would be cal-  
led up to serve refreshments for him. But no-  
thing happened, no bells rang, and to bed  
we went. The next morning we finely laugh-  
ed at Phoebe, asking her what she had taken  
so to disturb her eyesight, which made her  
very mad. Evening came, and my lady had  
one of them wire messages sent her by the  
telegraph, it came from Mr. Harry, and  
proved he was at the French town then.

But how that night, there he was in the  
dark path as before, walking about it, and all  
we made vex him. He came to hear of it,  
and didn't be gone at us, calling us all the  
suspicious he could lay his tongue to. The  
next day Mr. Harry came home, and we saw  
it for more than once night after that, when  
we had watched Mr. Harry safe into his  
chamber. Now," said Lizzy, by way of  
wind-up, "do you want a clearer tale than  
that?"

"You see what staggers me is, that Mr.  
Chandos should be alive," returned Harriet,  
rather seeing round. "I could believe it all  
fast enough if he were dead."

At that moment there was an interruption.  
The still room door came in with her things  
on, followed by Hill, but the latter remained  
in the back ground, looking at some ironed  
laces, and not one of the four girls observed  
her presence. The still room maid advanced  
to the ironing board, throwing up her arms,  
"I say, you know Mrs. Peters, over at the  
brook?" cried she in excitement. "Well—  
she's dead!"

"Dead?" uttered the girls, passing in their  
work. "Why, it was only a few days ago  
that she was here?"

"She's dead, and they were laying of her  
out as I came by, just now. Some fever, they  
said, when she took her off in no time; and  
what's worse they say it's a catching fever;  
which when I heard made me scud away  
from the door like anything. A mortal fright  
it put me in, for I shouldn't like to be wrapped  
in a winding sheet yet awhile."

"If fever has broke out in the neighbor-  
hood who knows but it's that that's the matter  
with my lady?" exclaimed Emma, in constern-  
ation, as she let the iron fall on its stand.  
"All our lives may be in jeopardy."



"Your places will be in greater jeopardy if you don't pay a little more attention to work, and leave off talking nonsense," called out Mrs. Hill from the back ground. They all started at the sound of her voice, turning their heads towards her, and I thought it a good opportunity to pass the window again, and slip away.

No candles yet in Lady Chandos's rooms, but the same cheerful light in those of Mrs. Chandos. I looked through the window into the oak parlour—the shutters of which were frequently not closed until bed time, only the white muslin curtains let down. The tea things were on the table, but the room was empty; and I bent my steps towards the walk where I had the previous night seen Mr. Chandos.

But some one was there before me. I saw a white figure flitting about; and, what with the solitary hour, the loneliness of all around, and the recent conversation of the servants, I am not sure but I began to think about ghosts. Ghost or no ghost, it glided up to me: Mrs. Chandos in a white silk evening dress.

"How you startled me!" she whispered. "With that shawl over your head and shoulders, you look like nothing human—but I saw, from the deficiency of height, that it was not *he*. Did you know that he was here last night?" she continued, in a most awestruck tone.

"Yes," I stammered, not liking to acknowledge it to her after the promise given to Mr. Chandos, although she was of the family.

"You did not see him, surely? Why don't you speak?" she impatiently added.

"I did see him, madam; but I shall not mention it. The secret is safe with me."

"Oh, heaven! what will he do when he knows that you saw him?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands. "I did not see him, though I was looking from my window. Mrs. Freeman was not there when she is, she will not let her look for fear I should see him. It is so sad, you know. I thought he might be out again now, and came to see, but I expect he is closeted with Lady Chandos. You can't think what a long while it is since—since—and the shame is that they have not let me know it, so you must give me your promise not to tell them that I do. I found it out, Harry never said a word. You know Harry's not friends with me; through my having treated him badly, but he never—"

During the last few words, Mrs. Chandos's eyes had been strained on a particular spot near to us. What she saw, or fancied she saw, I know not, but she broke into a low, smothered shriek of fear, and sped away swiftly to the house. Too startled at first to follow her, I bent my eyes in the same direction, foolishly expecting to see Mr. Chandos perambulating in his sleep—and I believe had I done so I should have run away terrified as from any ghost.

There did appear to be a figure standing between two trees, in a line with them, as if he were another tree himself. Not Mr. Chandos, some one at least a head shorter. He looked all dark, as if he were in dark clothes, with a dark face, and there was something in his outlines which made me think of Mr. Edwin Harley. I knew not whether it was he; it was but the fancy of the moment, but it caused me to turn and fly, as Mrs. Chandos had done.

"Are you ready to make tea, Miss Hereford?" Because I have come to have some."

It was the greeting of Mr. Chandos, as I ran breathless into the oak parlour. He was sitting there, near the table, and looked surprised to see me dart in, as if some wild tiger were pursuing me, a shawl over my head. I threw it off, sat down, and made the tea.

"Don't you think it strange, sir," I inquired, "that we hear nothing of Madame de Melville?" Except the first short note she wrote, on her arrival in Paris, no news whatever has come."

"I think most things strange that Emily does," was his answer. "But I am not surprised at them. She may not write for weeks to come."

"If we do not hear to-morrow, I shall write to her. I do not know what to be at, and can but feel myself in an embarrassing position."

"It is probable you may have passed from her memory as completely as though she had not brought you and left you here."

"Then what am I to do?" I asked, the words bringing to my mind I know not what of perplexity. Mr. Chandos smiled.

"As you are here, you can only stay for the present. At any rate, until you hear from Emily."

With the tea things, disappeared Mr. Chandos, and a sort of disappointment fell over my heart. Why? In ten minutes he came in again.

"The moon is getting up," he remarked—"It will be lovely night."

"Have you been out, sir?"

"No. Only to my mother's rooms."

"Is she better this evening?"

"Much the same."

He laid his elbow on the mantelpiece as he spoke, and rested his head upon his hand, as if in deep thought, a strange look of anxiety, of pain, falling over his countenance. I would not disturb him, even by a movement. I was near the window at the time, and I softly pushed aside the muslin curtain to look out on the gradually lightening night.

What was it made me draw back again with a scream? Whose face was it, painted close to one of the panes, overlooking what might be passing in the room? A fierce, dark face, with his fierce black-eyes; that of Mr. Edwin Harley. In my terror, I grasped the arm of Mr. Chandos, who was advancing towards me.

"What has alarmed you? What is it?"

"Oh, sir," I panted, "I—I—thought I saw a man's face, a man's face pressed against one of the window panes, and peering in."

"Are you sure you saw some one, Miss Hereford?"

"I am quite sure, sir."

"Who was it? Any one of the servants?"

I could readily answer that I did not believe it to have been any of the servants, but I shrank from avowing that it was Mr. Edwin Harley. A curious and most unpleasant suspicion had rushed over me, dim glimpses of which had been haunting me during tea, as I thought of the dark form in the trees—it was, that Mr. Edwin Harley had recognized me, and came, thus intruding stealthily into Chandos's, to watch me, to take note of my movements, not of those of the owners of Chandos. Why he should do so, with what motive, I had not time to ask myself in that hurried moment, but the conviction that it was so, fixed itself upon me. Mr. Chandos went outside, returning after an interval.

"I cannot see any one about," he observed, "all seems perfectly free and still. I cannot help thinking you must have been mistaken, Miss Hereford."

I shook my head, but I did not care to say much, after the notion that had come to me.

"Possibly you may be a little nervous to-night," he continued, "and in such a case the fancy considers itself at liberty to play us tricks. Having told you what I did this morning, relating to myself, may have taken hold of your imagination. When you ran in at tea time, I thought you seemed scared."

I let him remain in this belief, and the subject dropped. Would Mr. Chandos—or his ghost, as the servants had it—be out again that night in his comatose state? The subject had taken hold of my most vivid interest, and after undressing I sat at the window in a warm wrapper, watching the grounds. Eyes and ears were alike strained. But to no purpose. Not a sound disturbed the house indoors, and all appeared still without. I got tired at my post, and, soon after twelve, went to bed.

Not to sleep for very long. I was awake by what seemed a commotion in the corridor outside. Voices were heard in alternate soothing and expostulation, followed by the restless shriek of a woman; all, save the shriek, carried on in a subdued tone. Oh, it is fearful to be awake by this sort of sounds in the night! My heart beat painfully, my veins throbbled, what had happened?—or was taking place?

The sounds continued. I threw on the large wrapper, thrust my feet into slippers, and softly opened my chamber door. Dusky forms were moving about, but at the first moment I recognized none, for the moonlight did not shine brightly into the corridor. Presently I made them out. Lady Chandos in her night-dress, Mrs. Chandos in a white night-dress also, with her hair streaming down, and Mr. Chandos partially attired. The latter had his arm round Mrs. Chandos's waist, and was gently leading her towards her own apartments—or rather, drawing her, for she did not seem willing to go.

"You never would have told me," she sobbed, passionately dashing her hair from her brow. "You know you never meant to tell me. It is cruel—cruel! What am I here but as a caged bird?—and whose fault is it that I am kept so, but yours?"

Mr. Chandos answered, but the words were spoken in a whisper, close to her ear. Not a syllable did I catch, and they were then near the east wing. Lady Chandos's tribulation appeared to be great. She followed, wringing her hands, and wailing a reproach in a low tone.

"Oh, Ethel, Ethel, you will ruin and betray all you will bring misery and desolation on the house! To think that you should shriek out! it might arouse the servants, and then what would be the consequence?"

They disappeared within the east wing, which closed behind them. In my consternation I still stood looking and trembling, stood till Mr. Chandos came swiftly and suddenly out of his own chamber. It scarcely appeared a minute, yet he had found it sufficient time to finish dressing, for he was now fully attired. His appearing from his chamber after disappearing within the east wing, established the fact that his room did communicate with it. In this same moment, Dickens, in fancy attire, assumed in a hurry, ran up the stairs from the hall, a light in his hand. Mr. Chandos advanced upon him and peremptorily waved him back.

"Go back to bed, sir. You are not wanted."

But as the light fell on Mr. Chandos's face, I saw that he was deadly pale.

"I heard a scream, Mr. Harley," responded poor Dickens, evidently taken to. "I'm sure I heard it, and I—I—thought some thieves or villains of that sort had got in, sir."

"Nothing of the kind. There's nothing whatever the matter to call for your aid. Mrs. Chandos is nervous to-night, and cried out—it is not the first time it has happened, as you know. She is all right again now. Go back and get your rest as usual."

"Shall I leave you the light, sir?" asked Dickens, perceiving that Mr. Chandos had none.

"Light? No. What do I want with a light? Mrs. Chandos's ailments have nothing to do with me."

He stood at the head of the stairs, watching Dickens down, and listening to his quiet closing of the doors dividing the hall from the kitchen passages. Then Mr. Chandos returned, and that treacherous moonlight betrayed me standing there.

At least, if Mr. Chandos did not see me, he could see that my door was pulled a few inches open, and would naturally arrive at the conclusion that my hands must have done it. He came straight towards it with his stern, white face, and ceremony and he appeared to be at variance that night.

"Miss Hereford! I beg your pardon, but I must request that you retire within your room, and allow your door to be closed. Mrs. Chandos is ill, and the sight of strangers would make her worse. I will close it for

you; I should so act by my sister were she here."

He shut it with his own hand and turned the key upon me. Turned the key upon me! Well, I could only submit. I got into bed, and at length fell asleep, nothing more disturbing me that night.

But how strangely mysterious it all appeared! One curious commotion, one unaccountable mystery succeeding to another. I had heard of haunted castles in romances, of ghostly abbots, but surely the events enacted in them could not be more startling than these at Chandos.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

### TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are \$3 a year, if paid in advance. \$2, if not paid in advance. If the first year's subscription must be paid in advance. For \$5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following new Terms to Clubs—

One Copy, and the Standard News Plate Engraving, "A Merry Making in the Olden Times," 95,00  
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THE PRICE OF THIS WORK IN THE STORE IS \$10.00. Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepare the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the new names are sent in advance. When the money is sent, a draft must be presented, if possible, the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address: DEAN & PETERSON, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REFUSED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is a favor worth making a clean copy of.

### REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we prefer Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over \$5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) payable to our order.

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

### NOTICE.

In such unsettled times as these, it will scarcely be possible for the proprietors of THE POST to extend as much forbearance as heretofore to subscribers in arrears. In all such cases, if the money is not speedily remitted in answer to our bills, we shall be compelled to stop the paper.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. E. E. Your poem is good, with the exception of its rhymes. The *and good, and red, and true* are not rhymes at all, for that matter. With this exception, our readers, we think, will support us in saying that the following is not bad poetry.

### HOME AGAIN.

Back to the home nest, mother,  
Home, but only to die!  
Why did I ever leave you, mother?  
Forgive your erring boy.  
Clasp your arms around me, mother,  
Let me feel your warm embrace,  
And sing me the old lullaby, mother,  
As I sink to my long last rest.  
Weep not for me, dear mother,  
That my wild career is run;  
Sowing and reaping, mother,  
Come all in God's good time—  
And mine were wild oats, mother,  
And now is the harvest time.

### THE STRUGGLE.

Every preparation looking to an immediate advance of our troops upon the rebels is being made. The mutinous conduct in some of the regiments, the slight evidences of defection in others, make some active movement necessary. General Scott complains bitterly of the course pursued by some prominent journals. He says the reports of army movements published without authority, and the critical comments of the press generally, serve to demoralize the army, and to render an easy victory more uncertain. The opinion prevails in well informed circles that it was not the original intention of the commanding general to make any decisive movement before September, but owing to the impatience of "General Public," and the demands of "General Opinion," coupled with important recent causes, a speedy action will be inaugurated.

So says a Washington correspondent of the North American—we know not with how

much truth. One thing, however, we take for granted, as all our information tends to that point, that Gen. Scott desires to win his victories with as little loss of life as possible. If he could by skillful strategy and diligent delay, put an end to the rebellion without the fighting of a single important engagement, we believe nothing would please him better.

In this desire, however—laudable as it is—we doubt that he correctly represents the temper of the Northern people. We do not think that, as a general thing, they feel the least bloodthirsty; but they believe, if we are not mistaken, that some large fighting is an absolute necessity of their position. They believe it to be the general conviction in the South, arising from the aversion to duelling felt by Northern men, and their careless disregard of opprobrious epithets, that they are cowards; and they almost welcome therefore the present struggle as a means of showing not only to the self-styled "chivalry," but to all the world, that the existence of the most desperate courage is perfectly compatible with the Northern dislike to a spirit quick to take offence, and which is ready to resort to a word to the duelling pistol or the bowie knife. We may be mistaken, but, in the best of our judgment, this is the general feeling of the Northern people.

We have said that there is nothing bloodthirsty in this desire—we may further say, that it is not deemed that such a contest will stand in the least in the way of future friendship. They think, for that matter, it will place such future friendship on the reliable basis of respect. They believe—and in this we agree with them—that the present contest would never have been begun, had not a very erroneous opinion been widely cherished in the Southern States, as to the spirit and temper of the Northern people. There is not the least doubt that the Secession leaders counted with the utmost confidence upon being able to oppose a United South to a Divided North. Added to this, they felt a contempt for the courage of the North, divided by the political and commercial flunkies with whom they came into immediate contact—men who for a mess of political or other pottage, would sell their birthright; men to whom money was everything, and to whom honor, great principles, and even common manliness were nothing.

It is argued, therefore, that there can be no future peace or well-established union in this country, until the Southern people are thoroughly convinced by the stern logic of facts, that the mild and peaceable civilization of the North is perfectly compatible with the possession of the highest courage and the greatest efficiency for war. And as it is not generally seen how they can be so convinced without some serious fighting, Gen. Scott's supposed desire for bloodless and strategical victories does not meet with that degree of admiration which, in other circumstances, it would undoubtedly receive.

For our own part, we do not believe in the possibility of such victories—and we doubt that General Scott expects, however much he may desire to win them. After the most cunning strategy has done its part, we believe there will be a sad amount of labor to be done with the sharp shot and the ensanguined steel. That such carnage may have its compensations in the mode we have alluded to, we devoutly hope. That the fought battle-field does not necessarily leave an eternal crop of rankling memories behind it, the history of the past abundantly proves. Scotland and England are one instance of a firm and cordial union after centuries of the fiercest kind of wars, with one another, and within themselves. Hungary at this moment would reconcile herself to Austria, if the latter would treat her with common fairness. Scarcely a nation but which has had its great rebellions, often put down with great difficulty, but which were, as the result proved, effectually put down, and left no seeds of permanent bitterness behind them. Man, in fact, is not a malice-bearing animal—neither is his memory, of supposed injuries, or of acknowledged favors, a long one. His brain and heart are not exactly water, but they are very far indeed from being marble or iron.

Therefore, hoping for the best, which is almost a duty, we think we see through the dark storm of the present sunshine and the rainbow. We think we see the Rock of the Union emerging unwashed from the conflict of raging waves. We think we see a Country, chastened and enlightened by its wars. We think we see a People with nobler thoughts and purposes, less wrapped up in their material prosperity, and more earnest in their maintenance of what they believe to be Just and Right. We think we see Politicians and Statesmen of a nobler strain than those who have led us with their dim vision and ignoble instincts to the brink of the precipice of Disunion. We think we see a higher Chivalry advancing to the front of social and political life than that of the bowie knife and the revolver. We think we see the Torch of Human Progress—lighted in 1776 at the stern fires of one great conflict—and which was fast becoming dim and flickering—baptized anew as it were in the fires of a second great struggle for American Independence, and blazing brighter and still brighter unto the perfect day.

TENNESSEE MAILS.—As the Postmaster General has ordered the mails discontinued in Tennessee with the exception of those in the loyal portion of the state, we shall not be able to send THE POST to our subscribers in Central and Western Tennessee for the present. In cases where it is convenient for persons in the dark counties to get their papers from offices in the enlightened portion of the state, they will please send us directions to that effect. In other cases, we will send the number of papers due as soon as the light of postal civilization again dawns upon our benighted brethren.

ONE WISE ACT.—It is reported that Jeff. Davis's brother last summer invested \$200,000 for himself and Jeff. in the French funds.

### WAR MOVEMENTS.

It will be noticed that General McClellan, after the victory at Rich Mountain, was pressing on rapidly to Beverly, his advance being within two miles of that town. This is on the road to Staunton, which lies on the Eastern side of the main Alleghany range of mountains—in the valley between it and the Blue Ridge—Beverly lying west of the mountains. Gen. McClellan was already as far south as Alexandria is, and in a position, it would seem, to menace both Winchester and Richmond.

In northern Virginia, the secession general, Johnston, it was reported, had retreated from Bunker Hill without a battle, and was marching to Winchester to unite his forces with those of Gen. Jackson. The two bodies, it is reported, would compose an army of 30,000 men, with 30 pieces of artillery—but 20,000 men, with 10 pieces of artillery, would probably come nearer the true mark. To oppose this army, Gen. Patterson is reported to have about 25,000 men; which probably is tolerably near the truth. Patterson, it is believed, will soon move upon Winchester—though there is no certainty, since McClellan's victory, that the rebels will make a stand at that place.

The troops in and around Washington still continue motionless. In despite of the many rumors to the contrary, we adhere to the belief that their inactivity is due to military, and not to political reasons. For it must not be supposed they are doing no good. Their very presence renders necessary the maintenance of a large secession force to watch their movements—and weakens the rebels in other places. When McClellan and Patterson reach a certain point in their onward progress, we look to see an advance from Washington—and, very probably, a falling back of the rebels from Manassas Junction, without a battle.

There is no reliable information as to the contents of a letter recently sent to President Lincoln by Jeff. Davis under a flag of truce. It is said to have been both unimportant and impertinent, and that no reply was made to it.

Rebellion in Missouri has been gathering to a head both in the northeastern and extreme southwestern portions of the State.—In the former it seems to have been dispersed, in the latter it attained a partial success. We doubtless shall have important news from that quarter before many days. We hope to hear that the scene of action has been forced into Arkansas, and that the fertile fields of Missouri will not be ravaged by the locusts of war. As for Arkansas, if she suffers, it will be because her people have willed it so. She too can soon be free from all trouble, however, by simply returning to her allegiance, and no longer warring against that maternal bosom to which she owes her very life.

### A PRINCE WANTED.

The New York Times' Paris correspondent gives currency to the very improbable story that the leaders of the Southern rebellion have offered to one of the Bonapartes—Captain B-naparte, of the American branch of that family—the position of military dictator of the Southern Confederacy. This may do for a sensation rumor, but there is very little probability of its truth.

And yet Mr. Miller, of the steam sloop Iroquois, says that Captain Ingraham invited a number of Southern naval officers to meet him on the 20th of last December at Spezia, and that he (Miller) was one of those so invited and present. The result of this session was not satisfactory, and another was held at Genoa in January. At this convocation, Ingraham and several more determined to desert the service and join the rebels; and, as an inducement to Mr. Miller to join them, they told him that this movement in the South would soon end in a monarchy; that such was the design; and that all who went over would be made nobles and given high preferments.

Captain Ingraham is a South Carolinian, and the gentlemen who wanted a little English prince of Mr. Russell of the London Times, were also South Carolinians. Now where there is so much smoke there is probably a little fire. Of course it is so far a mere project of a few leaders, but so was secession itself at the first.

These projects of getting a prince from abroad, go to show the correctness of the Irishman's theory in an old anecdote. The story went that an American, out of patience at the result of a certain election, told the Irishman that for his part he went for making some one King, and thus got rid of the vexation of elections forever.

"But," replied the Irishman, "where will you get the blood?"

Our Secession friends seem to perceive, as the Irishman did, that it is necessary you should have the genuine, true-blue article of blood, when you are going into the royalty line—and hence these applications to France and England. But as to Captain Bonaparte, his blood is very questionable. Why not try a Colburn or a Hapsburg, or some other authorized brand? Or is the Prince Camille de Polignac, now said to be in Richmond, in the service of the rebels, of sufficiently noble blood for the purpose?

CONGRESS.—All the necessary bills seem to be passing Congress easily enough—in the House, Wood, of New York, and Vallandigham, of Ohio, being about the only representatives from the Free States who oppose them. The Loan Bill in the House was passed by 149 yeas to 5 nays. The 500,000 Volunteer Bill in the Senate by 34 yeas to 4 nays—the latter being Johnson and Polk of Missouri, Kennedy of Maryland, and Powell of Kentucky; Breckinridge was absent.

CAT AND BIRD.—A correspondent of the Independent sends a small, clear-sounding bell by a ribbon to the cat's neck. The slightest motion of catkins the bell and frightens the bird. Of course the bell will also frighten the rats and mice—but it can be taken off at night, and in the months when the birds are not about.

### COUNT CAVOUR.

Apocryphal to our criticism this week upon Dr. Holmes' medical lectures, comes the account from Europe of the last sickness of Count Cavour. The Count, like the woman in the Scriptures, appears to have "suffered many things from many physicians, but grew no better, but rather worse," until finally he could stand it no longer. A letter from Turin says:—

The Romans crowned on the Capitol, the physician who rid them of Pope Adrian VI. The Italians of our own day would honorably hang Count Cavour's doctors if the execution would afford any relief to their feelings. There never was a clearer case of a man murdered by his medical attendants. Within a very short period of five days, they attempted to cure the Count of four or more different complaints—congestion of the brain, typhus fever, intermittent periculous fever, brain fever, dropsy, and lastly gout; and for all these diseases they could think of nothing but their own sovereign remedy, the lancet. I think these excellent practitioners are worthy to send down their names to posterity. They were Dr. Rossi, Dr. Mattoni, and, towards the end, the King's physician, Riberi, the same in whose hands the mother, wife, and brother of Victor Emmanuel expired, one by one, in the early months of the fatal year 1835. Dr. Tommasi, who was summoned from Pavia by Cavour's friends, was not admitted to consultation.

The "king's physician," Riberi, would seem to be a sure shot—quite a rifled cannon in his way. We judge he must be the reddest kind of a red republican, and does more execution with one little lancet than mighty warriors do with their swords. He bathes his hands in the blood of kings with impunity. Victor Emmanuel must look out.

—Not to be unfair to our Allopathic friends, we will give them a little pellet which we picked up in a Homoeopathic medical work, and which we think, small as it is, will produce considerable laughter. The author—a physician of high standing—is recommending remedies for a certain complaint. He advises this, he advises that, until finally he says, "if none of these remedies will give relief, smell camphor."

### ENGLISH HUNTERS.

We always had an idea that a good English hunter could clear a gate six feet high about as easily as look at it. But from the account of a recent leaping match in England, it seems we were slightly mistaken.—The performances of the horses are thus described:—

Mr. Horloch brought out his horse, Black Dwarf, a magnificent animal, standing nearly 17 hands—well known for his performances with the Surrey Fox and Stag Hounds, and many of the packs in Oxfordshire—and put him at a stiff post and rail, measuring five feet in height. This, at the second try, the horse cleared in fine style, only slightly brushing with the hind legs. This being done, Mr. Anderson's horse, a chestnut, was brought out, and being mounted by the well known and fine steeple-chase rider, Mr. Linton, who had himself given his services for the occasion, was ridden at the same jump, which he broke with his hind legs three times in succession, getting over the fourth time with a hard hit. Mr. Horloch then, having caused the bar to be elevated to the height of five feet two inches, again rode at it; his horse refused the first time, and the second broke it with his fore legs. The bar was then sunk one inch, and this the Black Dwarf did magnificently at the first try, clearing by three or four inches with his forelegs, and just touching with one hind shoe. Mr. Linton then again mounted, and though he did all in the power of a first-rate rider to induce the horse to jump, for four times in succession he went through the bar, thus leaving Mr. H. winner of the match.

Thus a celebrated horse does, as a great thing, five feet one inch. Now, will any one of our readers—English or American—who knows, tell us, in plain feet and inches, the common performance of the English hunter? Are the English fences as high as ours, and could the fox hunters ride in a bee line across such country and fences as we have around Philadelphia?

### TERRITORIES AGAIN.

In a recent debate in the Senate, Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, having asked Senator Baker, of Oregon, whether "he thought he could preserve the Union by reducing sovereign states to provinces," Mr. Baker replied:—

A Territorial government is a republican form of government. But we are now in a state of war, and the Senate is hearing hostile guns. This is no time to make words or measures. He hoped those states would return to their allegiance and send men as true as his friend from Tennessee (Mr. Johnson). But he did say that, if these states would not return and govern themselves, he would govern them as territories—better than they have governed themselves. [Laughter.]

In relation to those states which were formerly territories belonging to the Union, and were admitted as states into the Union, it would seem to follow that if they do not comply with the conditions, by remaining states of the Union, they necessarily relapse into their former condition of territories. An absolute sovereignty as independent states was never conferred upon them—they were simply admitted as states of the Union, with the qualified sovereignty recognized by the Constitution.

DEATH OF MRS. LONGFELLOW.—We regret to learn that the wife of the poet Longfellow died on the 10th, from injuries received from fire. She was making impressions of seals in sealing wax for the amusement of her children, when her light summer dress caught fire, and she was immediately enveloped in flames. Her husband rushed from his study to her rescue, but did not succeed in extinguishing the flames soon enough. She died the next day. Mrs. Longfellow's burns were not serious, though painful. Mrs. Longfellow was a lady of beautiful presence, and highly accomplished—the Mary Ashburton, we believe, of that beautiful prose poem, *Hyperion*. It was a sad fate for one so gentle and loved; and a nation, which admires and cherishes the genius of the poet, will mingle sadness with his deep grief.



## KENTUCKY.

The official vote in the recent contest in Kentucky is stated to have been as follows:—Union, 92,400; disunion, 37,700; giving an Union majority of 54,700.

Mr. Mallory, of Kentucky, recently, in the House of Representatives, in answer to an anti-coercion speech of his colleague, Mr. Burnett, said:—

I have risen simply to protest, in the name of Kentucky and her Union representatives on this floor, against the remarks made by my colleague, Kentucky, by a large and overwhelming majority, will support and maintain the Government and Constitution of the United States. [Applause on the floor and in the galleries.]

We, in Kentucky, believe that the peril, danger, the destruction and ruin of so many material interests have been brought about by those very seceding states of the South which seem to excite sympathy.

Now, in view of the heavy Union vote, and the above declaration by Mr. Mallory of Kentucky Union principles, how is it that we read of recruiting offices for the secession forces being openly established in Louisville?

## NO GENTLEMAN.

N. P. Willis—who is authority—positively pronounces Jeff. Davis to be "no gentleman," in the "highest circle" view of the case. He says:—

To speak, to any one conversant with Washington society, of the pinchbeck imitation of Southern gold—the caricature of Southern chivalry—was to get "Jeff. Davis" instanced at once as the most glaring specimen. With other lovers of the genuine article, the true Southern gentleman, I have felt it as a national mortification, for years, that so glaring a travesty should be the representative of the South in the Senate. It hurt the cause of the South, in which I then felt a romantic interest.

Poor Jeff.—If he cannot be allowed even the small satisfaction of being one of the "chivalry," it will go hard with him. But not so hard as it will be apt to go with Mr. Willis, if he is ever caught down in secessiondom—all the affecting "romantic interest" he formerly felt "in the cause of the south" would not save him.

## THE STOCK BAROMETER.

That sensitive—often too sensitive—barometer, the stock market, is rising; betokening the belief of the large capitalists that the skies are looking brighter. The blue seems to be spreading West and South. Gold is still pouring in from Europe—a Government loan for five millions for immediate wants, was taken up in New York the other day in forty minutes—there is every indication of an abundant harvest—the large Government outlays will soon begin to tell on business—Congress has voted the President half a million of men, and five hundred millions of money, one-fourth more of both than was requested—the proud cry of victory begins to float in—altogether capital contrives to gain confidence, and perceives that we are not all going to the "demonstration hownows" this time. Capital is right—we still have a country—and we shall emerge from the ruin which menaced us, as strong for peace, much stronger for war, than ever before. Soon shall we hear the nations again crying out, "All hail, Columbia!"

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—The rapid transmission of the Message is said to have been one of the greatest telegraphic feats on record. But the country would have been better served, had the operators taken more time over such an important document, and not distorted it so shamefully. The mistakes generally are such as can be corrected after a little thought by persons of intelligence, but one in our own copy, relative to compromise, we think it well to rectify. The following, we believe, is the correct reading:—

It was with the deepest regret that the Executive found the duty of employing the war power in defence of the Government forced upon him. He could but perform this duty or surrender the existence of the Government. No compromise by public servants could in this case be a cure—not that compromises are not often proper, but that no popular Government can long survive a marked precedent that those who carry an election can immediately destroy by giving up the main point upon which the people gave the election. The people themselves, and not their servants, can safely reverse their own deliberate decisions.

As a private citizen the Executive could not have consented that these institutions shall perish, much less could he, in betrayal of so vast and so sacred a trust as these free people had confided to him.

While the message is marked by great talent, and often great felicity of expression, some of the sentences bearing upon them even the lightning mark of genius—it is marred by little errors and obscurities, which any well educated man could have corrected in half-an-hour. The President evidently needs a competent private Secretary—and we have half a notion of applying for the place.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CURRENTS AND COUNTER-CURRENTS IN MEDICAL SCIENCE. With other Addresses and Essays. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Harvard University, &c., &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the wit, the poet, the romancer, here appears in his character of physician, a new one to us and to most of our readers. Apart from some apparently prejudiced statements respecting the Homoeopathic practice of medicine, we see in this book the general superiority which we should expect from a man of genius and character in any department of work. As a class, we feel a shrinking from physicians as we do from ministers, because their profession is so exalted, the duties they have assumed so holy and so difficult of performance, that they must be either saints or sinners; and fall lower in failure than other men, that their shortcomings are glossed over with the crowning sin of deceit. It is therefore an especial pleasure to find in a physician candor, conscientiousness, humanity, and religious faith. In our author these virtues shine out victorious through temptation in his paper proving the "contagiousness of Puerperal Fever." His course in this instance shows his own adherence to the rule which he lays down in his Valedictory Address—a rule "so plain that it may be sneered at as a truism, but so difficult to follow, that he who has never broken it deserves canonizing better than many saints in the calendar: a physician's first duty is to his patient; his second only to himself."

The following is good advice to young physicians:—

Be very careful; be very slow; be very modest in the presence of Nature. One special caution let me add. If you are ever so accurate in your physical explorations, do not rely too much upon your results. Given fifty men with a certain fixed amount of organic disease, twenty may die, twenty may linger indefinitely, and ten may never know that they have anything the matter with them. I think you will pardon my saying that I have known something of the arts of direct exploration, though I wrote a youthful Essay on them, which, of course, is liable to be considered a presumption to the contrary. I would not, therefore undervalue them, but I will say that a diagnosis which maps out the physical condition ever so accurately, is, in a large proportion of cases, of less consequence than the opinion of a sensible man of experience, founded on the history of the disease, than he has never seen the patient.

And this leads me to speak of prognosis and its fallacies. I have doctored people, and seen others do so, over and over again, on the strength of physical signs, and they have lived in the most contumacious and scientifically unjustifiable manner as long as they liked, and some of them are living still. I see two men in the street, very often, who were both as good as dead in the opinion of those who found them in their extremity. People will insist on living, sometimes, though manifestly moribund. In Dr. Elder's Life of Kane you will find a case of this sort, told by Dr. Kane himself. The captain of a ship was dying of scurvy, but the crew mulled, and he gave up dying for the present to take care of them. An old lady in this city, near her end, got a little vexed about a proposed change in her will; made up her mind not to die just then; ordered a coach; was driven to the house of a relative, and lived four years longer. Cotton Mather tells some good stories which he picked up in his experience, or out of his books, showing the unstable equilibrium of prognosis. Simon Stone was shot in nine places, and as he lay for dead, the Indians made two hacks with a hatchet to cut his head off. He got well, however, and was a lusty fellow in Cotton Mather's time. Jabez Musgrave was shot with a bullet which went in at his ear and came out at his eye, on the other side. A couple of bullets went through his body also. Jabez got well, however, and lived many years. Per contra, Colonel Rosseter, cracking a plum-stone with his teeth, broke a tooth and lost his life. We have seen physicians dying, like Spigelius, from a scratch; and a man who had had a crowbar shot through his head, alive and well. These extreme cases are warnings. But you can never be too cautious in your prognosis, in the view of the great uncertainty of the course of any disease, long watched, and the many unexpected turns it may take.

I think I am not the first to utter the following caution: Beware how you take away hope from any human being. Nothing is clearer than that the merciful Creator intends to blind most people as they pass down into the dark valley. Without very good reasons, temporal or spiritual, we should not interfere with His kind arrangements. It is the height of cruelty, and an extreme of impertinence, to tell your patient he must die, except you are sure that he wishes to know it, or that there is some particular cause for his knowing it. I should be especially unwilling to tell a child that it could not recover; if the theologians think it necessary, let them take the responsibility. God leads by the hand to the edge of the precipice in happy unconsciousness, and I would not open its eyes to what He wisely conceals.

Among the improvements in medical science, our author gives precedence where it is due.

First in consequence is the ever-growing conviction, in and out of the profession, of the comparative insignificance of drugging in all its forms as an antagonist to disease. That the body is a changeable compound of particles, which must be properly aired, washed, agitated, rested, protected, and renewed, in order that their changes may run on in the rhythm called health, and that no drug can take the place of these conditions any more than it can give music to a piano string which is loose or broken, is to some extent understood. A vast deal of annoyance and often positive injury is spared to the patient, while the physician has learned submission to the laws of nature, and grown less presumptuous in his expectations and promises.

The following comparison is a good one. It impressed us the more that just at the time of reading it one of the fiercest of these "beasts of prey" sprang from his unknown den into the midst of our own family, and it repeatedly occurred to us through the weeks of earnest and vigilant battle that were necessary to expel the enemy and restore the peace and purity and happiness of home:—

Men live in the immediate neighborhood of a great man, the doors of which are always open. The beasts of prey that come out of the crowd, they feed upon, and between their teeth we must all pass sooner or later, all but a few, who are otherwise taken care of. When these animals attack a man, most of them give him a scratch or a bite, and let him go. Some hold on a little while; some are carried about for weeks or months, until the carrier drops down or they drop off. By and by one is sure to come along that drags down the strongest, and makes a meal of him.

Most people know little or nothing of these beasts, until all at once they find themselves attacked by one of them. They are therefore liable to be frightened by those which are not dangerous, and careless with those that are destructive. They do not know what will soothe, and what will exasperate them. They do not even know the dens of many of them, though they may be close to their own dwellings.

A physician is one who has lived among these beasts, and studied their aspects and habits. He knows them all well, and looks them in the face, and lays his hand on their backs daily. They seem, as it were, to know him, and to greet him with such *causa cordis* as they can muster. He knows that his friends and himself have all got to be eaten up at last by them, and his friends have the same belief. Yet they want him near them at all times, and with them when they are set upon by any of their natural enemies. He, a little thing, pretty well what he can do and what he cannot.

He can talk to them in a quiet and sensible way about these terrible beings, concerning which they are so ignorant, and liable to harbor such foolish fancies. He can frighten away some among them of the lesser kind with certain ill-smelling preparations he carries about him. Once in a while he can draw the teeth of some of the biggest, or throttle them. He can point out their dens, and so keep many from falling into their jaws.

This is a great deal to promise or perform, but it is not all that is expected of him. Sick people are very apt to be both fools and cowards. Many of them confess the fact in the frankest possible way. If you doubt it, ask the next dentist about the wisdom and courage of average manhood under the dispensation of a bad tooth. As a tooth is to a liver, so are the dentist's patients to the doctors, in the want of the two excellences above mentioned.

Those not over-wise human beings called patients are consequently a little unreasonable. They come with a small scratch, which Nature will heal very nicely in a few days, and insist on its being closed at once with some kind of joiner's glue. They want their little coughs cured, so that they may breathe at their ease, when they have no lungs left that are worth mentioning. They would have called in Luke, the physician, to John the Baptist, when his head was in the charger, and asked for a balsam that would cure it. This kind of thing cannot be done. But it is very profitable to lie about it, and say that it can be done. The people who make a business of this lying, and profiting by it, are called quacks.

But as patients wish to believe in all manner of "cures," and as all doctors love to believe in the power of their remedies, and as nothing is more open to self-deception than medical experience, the whole matter of therapeutics has always been made a great deal more of than the case would justify. It has been an inflated currency,—false pretences on paper, to one fact of true, ringing metal.

Dr. Holmes, like all the lights of his profession, knows the limitations of physic. We will copy one of his remarks. All through the great West, and everywhere that quack medicines are extensively used, these common sense views of what the doctor can and what he cannot, are much needed. If people had less faith in drugs they would give more attention to a reasonable observance of the conditions of health.

All noxious agents, all appliances which are not natural food or stimuli, all medicines proper, cost a patient, on the average, five per cent. of his vital force, let us say. Twenty times as much waste of force produced by any of them, that would exactly kill him, nothing less than kill him, and nothing more. If this, or something like this, is true, then all these medications are, *prima facie*, injurious.

In the game of Life-or-Death, *Rouge et Noir*, as played between the Doctor and the Sexton, this five per cent. this certain small injury entering into the chances, is clearly the sexton's perquisite for keeping the green table, over which the game is played, and where he hoards up his gains. Suppose a blister to diminish a man's pain, effusion or dyspnea to the saving of twenty per cent. in vital force; his profit from it is fifteen, in that case, for it always hurts him five to begin with, according to our previous assumption.

Presumptions are of vast importance in medicine, as in law. A man is presumed innocent until he is proved guilty. A medicine—that is, a noxious agent, like a blister, a sear, an emetic, or a cathartic—should always be presumed to be hurtful. It always is directly hurtful; it may sometimes be indirectly beneficial. If this presumption were established, and disease always assumed to be the innocent victim of circumstances, and not punishable by medicines, that is, noxious agents, or poisons, until the contrary was shown, we should not so frequently hear the remark commonly, perhaps erroneously, attributed to Sir Astley Cooper, but often repeated by sensible persons, that, on the whole, more harm than good is done by medication. Throw out opium, which the Creator himself seems to prescribe, for we often see the scarlet poppy growing in the cornfields, as if it were forced there; wherever there is hunger to be fed there must also be pain to be soothed; throw out a few specifics which our art did not discover, and which are hardly needed to apply; throw out wine, which is a food, and the vapors which produce the miracle of anaesthesia, and firmly believe that if the whole of medical science, as now used, could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind, and all the worse for the fishes.

But to justify this proposition, I must add that the injuries inflicted by over-medication are to a great extent masked by disease. Dr. Hooker believes that the typhus *synepidemic* of a preceding generation in New England, "was often in fact a brandy or opium disease." How is a physician to distinguish the irritation produced by his blister from that caused by the inflammation it was meant to cure? How can he tell the exhaustion produced by his evacuations from the collapse belonging to the disease they were meant to remove?

Lastly, medication without insuring favorable hygienic conditions, is like amputation without ligatures. I had a chance to learn this well of late, in the case of a young man of the crowded pauper districts, than are taken now by too many who think they do their duty and earn their money when they write a recipe for a patient left in an atmosphere of domestic malaria, or to the most negligent kind of nursing! I confess that I should think my chance of recovery from illness less with Hippocrates for my physician and Mrs. Gamp for my nurse, than if I were in the hands of Hahnemann himself, with Florence Nightingale or good Rebecca Taylor to care for me.

In a paper on "Homoeopathy and its Kindred Delusions," Dr. Holmes loses patience with people's persistent faith in that system. It is very provoking to be sure to the rival practice, but people will obstinately like that which they think cures without hurting them. We are not prepared to defend the scientific principles of Hahnemann's theory, but years of varied family experience, with the use of homoeopathic remedies, have established in our mind a kind of faith that Authority and Logic do not touch. If you are in the clutches of the cholera, and ten pellets of veratrum administered at the critical moment when death seems close at hand, give the victory to the rallying forces of life, what argument could outweigh the convictions of such an

experience? And if your child wakes at night with that alarm bell of danger, a hoarse croupy cough, and you find that Aconite and Tartar Emetic remove the symptoms that terrify you, what reasoning or what authority of great names would persuade you that the drops or the pellets are mere water or sugar plums?

Whether the medicines that work these wonders are attenuated according to the old Homoeopathic formulas, we are of course unable to say. We are a little inclined to believe that they are not—and that much more powerful dilutions are now used than were employed by the original disciples of Hahnemann. We doubt whether the contents of certain bottles of Aconite that have been in our possession, could be swallowed with impunity—and so with various other medicines. Our words and belief apply only to the Homoeopathic remedies as we find them—not to such remedies as compounded by Hahnemann. And that they have power—that Aconite for instance, will affect a fever, that both it and Belladonna will soothe a teething child, who is tossing his head about in all directions, and that Tartar Emetic will generally check a croupy or spasmodic cough, we have proved to our own entire satisfaction.

When this matter is finally settled—if it ever should be settled—we think it will be found that the doses given by the Allopathic practitioners, are, as a general thing, not only needlessly but often even hurtfully large. They wish to produce a certain effect, but do not sufficiently bear in mind what Dr. Holmes is fully conscious of, the fact that medicine in itself is not a beneficial thing, and is therefore often, and perhaps generally injurious in a degree. Now if a desired effect can be produced by a small quantity of any pernicious drug, anything over that small quantity may do, probably will do, needless harm. We are also inclined to believe that the amount of any drug required to produce a given effect, is generally greatly over-estimated, within a few years, have dwindled down—doing just as much good nowadays, and nothing like the amount of harm. And what is true of calomel is probably true of many other medicines.

We are not the least of a bigot in regard to Homoeopathy. In the last severe illness in our family, we tried the Allopathic practice. And therefore we may be considered a tolerably fair and impartial witness. Where we think Allopathy does injury, is in its too great fondness for and reliance upon the use of drugs, and in its needlessly and hurtfully large doses. Where we think Homoeopathy often fails, is in its hesitation to resort to powerful remedies in very dangerous and rapid cases. That the Allopathic physicians sometimes kill those with their remedies whom nature left to herself, would cure,—that Homoeopathic physicians sometimes allow those to die whom it is in the power of proper remedies to uphold until nature has time to collect her scattered forces—two conclusions we have been disposed to settle down upon.

In one thing, in conclusion, it seems to us that Dr. Holmes is a little inconsistent. He evidently has very little faith in medicine—doubting, as he does, whether it would not be better that the whole materia medica should be sunk to the bottom of the sea—and yet is very savagely down upon the Homoeopathic school, whose medicines, in his opinion, are entirely powerless. Now if medicine, in the hands of the old school practitioners, does as much harm as good, the new school are just as well off with their little pellets, granting that these latter have no effect at all. Our good friend, the Autocrat, with all his ability, will not be able to stand on both sides of the medical fence at once. He cannot be a "fervent radical," and have all the orthodox medical fraternity denouncing his irreverent opinion of pills and potions, at the same time that he is denouncing those whom he considers no medicine men as if he were himself the most straightforward and bigoted of the faithful.

THE SEMI-ATTACHED COUPLE. A lively little story, with a simple plot very pleasantly worked out. There is scarcely a page of description in the book, but, as the author says, "how can any one be expected to write what no one ever reads when it is written?" You get acquainted with the characters by the way they talk and act,—there is no "still life" about it; it is all vivacity. The "semi-attached" hero and heroine are a very delightful couple—though perhaps not so original or entertaining as some of the other characters. Take it all in all, it is a book to keep one comfortably awake these dreary summer days.

FROM FORTRESS MONROE. HENRI GEN. MAGRUDER REPORTED KILLED. The Baltimore Clipper of the 12th, says:—

From an officer of the Federal army, who came passenger on the boat, we were informed that it was reported and generally believed at the Fortress, that Col. Magruder, of the Confederate forces, had been killed a few days since, during a short engagement with the Federal forces at Newport News. The rumor was more fully strengthened by a negro making his way to Newport in a small boat, and stating that such was the case, and that the body of the rebel chieftain had been taken to Norfolk.

Throughout yesterday the woods on Sewall's Point were burning briskly, a dense volume of smoke completely enveloping the Point. It is now thought that the woods were set on fire by the shells thrown from the Sawyer gun, placed on the Rip Rap.

During yesterday the most powerful glasses were brought to bear upon the Point to ascertain if the rebels still held possession of the place. After a careful survey of the place, not a rebel could be seen. The rebels have either deserted their stronghold, or are playing some devil's trick.

From scouts sent out yesterday, intelligence was received at headquarters that the rebels had evacuated Great Bluff, and had retired to Yorktown, where they intend to make a stand.

The two new Virginia Senators, Willy and Carle, have been admitted to their seats in the U. S. Senate, in the place of Hunter and Mason.

## BATTLE IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

THE BATTLE OF HIGH MOUNTAIN—REBELS DEFEATED—GENERAL McCLELLAN NEAR BEVERLY.

ROANOKE RIVER, VA., July 12.—A battle was fought yesterday afternoon at High Mountain, about two miles east of this place, where the enemy, numbering about two thousand, under the command of Col. Pegram, were strongly entrenched.

About 3 o'clock in the morning, Gen. Rosecranz, with a portion of the 8th, 10th and 13th Indiana Regiments, and the 19th Ohio, left this place, and, after a very difficult march of seven or eight miles, cutting a road through the woods, succeeded in surrounding the enemy.

About 3 o'clock P. M., a desperate fight ensued, lasting about an hour and a half, resulting in a loss of sixty of the enemy killed, a large number wounded, and many prisoners, some of whom are officers.

The enemy retreated precipitately, leaving behind them six guns, a large number of horses, wagons, camp equipment, etc.

The loss on our side is about twenty killed and forty wounded. Among the latter was Capt. Chris Miller, of the Indiana 10th.

## SECOND DISPATCH.

ROANOKE RIVER, VA., July 12.—This has been a glorious day for the old flag and our brave fellows who have rallied under it. The utmost confusion prevails here, and it is impossible to send a report of the names of the killed and wounded. As soon as the dressing rain ceased, we struck our tents, and took up our line of march from Buchanan, in a southeasterly direction, on the main road to Staunton. The rebels, about twenty-five hundred strong, with heavy earthwork batteries, were entrenched on the western slopes of the High Mountain, about 17 miles east from Buchanan, and two miles west from Beverly, which is on the east side of the mountain.

They had selected the forks of the Roanoke Creek, which empties, after a northerly course, into the Tygart's Valley River, a branch of the Monongahela. The creek crosses the road in two places about a mile apart. The morning was cool and bracing, and our men were in capital spirits. Gen. Rosecranz ordered the brigade to cut a path through a thick growth of mountain pine trees, and heavy undergrowth of brush, for nearly nine miles, which occupied about ten hours. After resting at noon, we came in sight of the rebels at about four o'clock, and at once opened a heavy fire upon them with our artillery, under cover of which our men stormed their batteries.

They made a vigorous resistance, but were unable to resist the desperate assault of our Indiana troops. We have possession of their field pieces, tents, and ammunition. We have also a number of prisoners. The wounded are being cared for in our hospital, and our surgeons are attending to all alike.

Gen. Rosecranz had his horse shot from under him, and the hair-breadth escapes are numerous. The loss of the rebels is about two hundred killed and wounded. Our loss is about twenty. The prisoners give gloomy accounts of the condition of their forces, and many of them seem satisfied with their capture.

## OFFICIAL REPORT.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—The following dispatch was to-day received at the headquarters of the army here:—

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF OHIO, 1

RICH MOUNTAINS, 9 A. M., July 12. 1

Col. E. D. Townsends.—We are in possession of all the enemy's works up to a point within eight miles of Beverly. We have taken all his guns, a very large amount of wagons, tents, etc., as well as everything he had, and a large number of prisoners, many of whom were wounded. Several officers are prisoners. They lost many killed and forty wounded, of whom all but two or three were in the column under Rosecranz, which turned the position. The mass of the enemy escaped through the woods entirely disorganized.

Among the prisoners is Dr. Taylor, formerly of the army. Colonel Pegram was in command. Rosecranz's column left the camp yesterday morning, and marched some eight miles through the mountains, reaching the turnpike some two or three miles in the rear of the enemy, and defeating an advance force, and taking a couple of guns. I had a position ready for 12 guns near the main camp, and as the guns were moving up I ascertained that the enemy had retreated.

I am now pushing on to Beverly, a part of Rosecranz's troops being now within three miles of it. Our success is complete, and at most bloodless. I doubt whether Wise and Johnson will unite to overpower me. The behavior of the troops in the action and to wards the prisoners was admirable.

(Signed) G. B. McCLELLAN,

Major General Commanding.

## OFFICIAL DISPATCHES.

PROBABLE SURRENDER OF COL. PEGRAM'S COMMAND, NEAR BEVERLY, IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

WASHINGTON, July 11.—The following dispatch has been received at the headquarters of the army here:—

Report of Gen. McClellan to Lieutenant General Scott, dated Beverly, July 11.—I have received from Col. Pegram's proposition for his surrender, with his officers and the remainder of his command, say 600 men. They are said to be very perturbed, and determined never again to take up arms against the Federal Government.

"I shall have nearly time to load one of our thousand prisoners to take care of when Pegram comes. The latest accounts make the loss of 11 killed and 45 wounded, some one hundred and fifty."

WASHINGTON, July 11.—The following dispatch from General McClellan was received to-day at the Army Headquarters:—

Beverly, July 12th, 1861.

Col. E. D. Townsends, Washington, D. C.—The success of to-day is all that I could desire. We captured six brass cannons, of which one is rifled, all the enemy's camp equipment, and transportation, even to his capital stock of tents. I had a position ready for two hundred, and more than six hundred. They killed and wounded will amount to fully 150, with 100 prisoners, and more coming in constantly. I know of ready of ten officers killed and prisoners. Their retreat is complete.

Occupied Beverly by a rapid march. Gen. Rosecranz has completely in the morning, leaving none of his baggage. He came within a few miles of Beverly, but our rapid march turned him back in great confusion, and he is now retreating on the road to Staunton. I have ordered Gen. Morris to follow him up closely.

I have telegraphed for the two Pennsylvania regiments at Cumberland to join General Hill at Rowlesburg. The General is concentrating all his troops at Rowlesburg, and will cut off Gen. Rosecranz's retreat near West Union, or, if possible, at Staunton.

I may say that we have driven one some 1000 yards, strongly entrenched, with the loss of 11 killed and 45 wounded. The prisoners return last night Gen. Rosecranz's force to have been 10,000 men. They were Eastern Virginians, Tennesseans, Georgians, and I think, Carolinians. To-morrow I can give full details as to prisoners, &c.

I trust that Gen. Cox has by this time driven Wise out of the Kanawha Valley. In that case I shall have accomplished the object of liberating Western Virginia.

I hope the General-in-Chief will approve of my operations.

(Signed) G. B. McCLELLAN,

Major General commanding the Dept. of Ohio.

## ANOTHER VICTORY.

GENERAL GARNETT KILLED—HIS ARMY ROUTED.

WASHINGTON, July 15, 24 P. M.—The following important dispatch has just been received by the War Department:—

HUTTONSVILLE, July 14th, 1861.

To Col. E. D. Townsends, Assistant Adjutant General.

Dear Sir:—Gen. Garnett, of the rebel force, has been completely defeated. We have taken all his baggage, and seven guns. His army is completely demolished. Gen. Garnett is among the killed.

The rebels are now completely annihilated in Western Virginia. Our loss is 12 killed, and not over 40 wounded. The enemy's loss is fully 200 killed, and we have taken over 1,000 prisoners.

Seven guns have been taken in all. I still look with hopes to the capture of the remnants of Garnett's army, by Gen. Hill.

The troops defeated were the crack regiments of Eastern Virginia, aided by Georgians, Tennesseans and South Carolinians. Our success is complete, and Secession is killed in this part of the country.

(Signed) G. B. McCLELLAN,

Major General U. S. A.

CINCINNATI, July 15.—Gen. Garnett was killed by an Indiana soldier, in a regular battle fought yesterday, eight miles from St. George, between the rebels and the pursuing column under Gen. McClellan.

Dispatches from Grafton state that the body of Gen. Garnett, the late commander of the rebel forces at Laurel Hill, had arrived there in a special train. He was killed while attempting to rally his retreating forces at Carrack's Ford, near St. George.

The rebels were completely routed by Gen. Morris's Division. All of their camp equipment was captured, with many prisoners, and their loss is about fifty killed. The loss on our side is four of the Ohio Fourteenth regiment killed, and a few wounded.

The rebels are now scattered in every direction.

St. George, near where the battle was fought, is the county seat of Tucker county, Virginia, and about twenty miles northeast of Beverly. It is situated on the Cheat River, near the extreme south-western corner of Maryland, and not more than fifteen miles from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Gen. Garnett was probably endeavoring to make his way towards Romney, where there is a force of the rebels.

[From a paragraph in the Richmond Whig, it appears that the Gen. Garnett, of the Southern army, is Robert S. Garnett, late Major in the U. S. army, and not the ex-Congressman, as elsewhere stated.]

TWO FORGIVEN DEBILITATES.—A lady of Alexandria relates the following incident, which affords a striking, but sad illustration of the effects of civil war. The lady in question has resided with an only daughter for many years in Alexandria. About nine months since, a mutual friend introduced a young gentleman of Richmond to the family.

The young people soon became intimately acquainted, and quite naturally fell in love. The parents on both sides consenting, the parties were betrothed, and the marriage day was fixed for the 4th of July, inst.

In the meantime, however, Virginia was called upon to decide on which side they would stand. The ladies declared themselves on the side of the Government, but the gentlemen joined the forces of the State. No opportunity was afforded for the interchange of sentiments between the young folks or anything settled as to their future movements. Matters thus remained till the 4th of July, when exactly within an hour of the time originally fixed for the marriage, intelligence was conveyed to the residence of the ladies that the young man had been killed by a rebel soldier two days before, while attempting to desert and join his bride. His betrothed did not shed a tear, but standing erect, smiled, and then remarking to her mother, "I am going to desert too," fell to the floor, while the life blood bubbled from her lips, and on Monday her remains were conveyed to their last resting place.

OCCUPATION OF FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE BY UNION TROOPS.—WASHINGTON, July 13.

A thousand of the sturdy lumbermen of Maine, selected from the five regiments from that State, and composed of some well-trained hewers from the Adirondacks, and some of the Kennebec, supporting a squadron of regular cavalry, are now in possession of Fairfax Court House, which they occupied without a contest. They found the road covered with obstructions, felled trees, strong abatis across the roads, and in some instances entrenchments. The heavy arms of the Maine lumbermen, armed with axes, cleared the roads from these obstructions, as they went along. The rebels left the place 24 hours before our forces entered. This is a forward march in good earnest.

A house full of smoke was observed from high points in the city in the direction of Fairfax Court House, between three and four o'clock this afternoon. It may it is supposed to indicate an engagement, in that neighborhood, but as no intelligence to that effect has been received from our correspondent on that side, it is all smoke.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—New Laurel Hill, on the 10th, a skirmish took place between an Ohio and Indiana troops, and Gen. McClellan's outposts, and a Georgia regiment, in which the latter, after suffering seriously, retreated in disorder, and could not be brought up to the scratch again. The rebel army was very strongly entrenched in a formidable position, and General McClellan divided his army into two columns, to march from different points upon them and storm their works, with what result is told in the vicinity at Rich Mountain.

FORTRESS MONROE, July 14th, via Baltimore.—I learn from Col. Benedict, at Newport News, that twelve men and two lieutenants, belonging to his regiment are still missing. They have doubtless been killed or taken prisoners.

WASHINGTON, July 15.—The result of inquiries in military quarters this morning is that Fairfax Court House is not yet occupied by the Federal troops.

WASHINGTON, July 15.—Two Misses Scott, who seduced the gallant Connecticut soldier from the camp recently, were arrested last night, and brought into camp, but were released to-day, by order of the President, as they asserted, "on their honor," they did not entice the soldier off—he going voluntarily.

Tink rebel private Sumter was at Clenburgh, Ohio, on the 9th, with seven brass and six muskets. She had also buried a ship. She left next day. Why is not the navy enlarged at once out of the numerous vessels anxious to be enlisted in the service?



# EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS AGO. A BALLAD FOR THE 4TH OF JULY.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Oh! how the Past comes over me—  
How the Old Days draw nigh!  
Tramping along in battle—  
Marching the legions by,  
With the drum of the Old Time beating,  
And the Old Flag waving high!  
And down from the mountain gorges,  
And up from woodlands low,  
Mustering for Liberty's Conflict—  
Eighty-five years ago!

Out of the streets of Lexington  
I see the red-coated wheel,  
And, back from the lines of Bunker,  
Where Continentals kneel  
And pray, with their iron musketry,  
I see the red-coated wheel,  
And, reddening all the greenward,  
I mark the life-blood flow  
From the bosom of martyr'd Warren—  
Eighty-five years ago!

Hearken to Starke, of Hampshire:  
"No! comrades all! 'twere he—  
"King George's Hessian hirelings,  
On yonder plain, ye see!  
We'll beat them, boys! or Mary Stark  
A widow this night shall be!"  
And then, like a clap of thunder,  
He broke upon the foe,  
And he won the battle of Bennington—  
Eighty-five years ago!

Down from the wild Green Mountains  
Our fearless eagle swooped—  
Down on Concord's towers  
Bold Ethan Allen stooped,  
And the royal red-cross banner  
Beneath his challenge drooped!  
And the stout old border fortress  
He gained, without a blow,  
"In the name of the Great Jehovah!"  
Eighty-five years ago!

Out from the peasant's beery  
Of Independence Hall,  
Sounded the tongue of a brazen bell,  
Bidding good patriots all  
To give the Oppressed their Freedom,  
And loosed every thrall,  
And the voice of brave John Hancock,  
Preached to the People below,  
The Gospel of Independence—  
Eighty-five years ago!

And out from Sullivan's Island,  
From dark palmetto foe,  
I hear the roar of cannonry,  
And the rifle-shots aglow,  
And the voice of valiant Moultrie,  
And the shouts of Marion's men!  
And I see our stricken banner  
Scattered from the ditch below,  
By the hand of Sergeant Jasper—  
Eighty-five years ago!

So, the Old Days come over me—  
The Past around me rolls,  
And the spell of a glorious History  
My yearning sense controls,  
And I sing of the Grand Example  
Of old and loyal souls!  
When the land we love lies bleeding,  
And we hear her heart's wild throbs,  
Let us think of the Old, Old Union—  
Eighty-five years ago!

—N. Y. Leader.

## JEFF. DAVIS'S TRIAL!

Being an Account of his Secret Capture  
and Catechism before the  
"KNIGHTS OF THE IRON CIRCLE!"  
AT MONTGOMERY, ALA., AND RECOMMENDED  
TO THE SOLICITOR GENERAL OF THE  
"KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE."

One evening, not long since, as the great  
cock turkey of the Southern States was walking  
alone along the streets of Montgomery,  
thinking of the spurs he was to win when he  
should get them, their probable length, and  
how he should term the Empire of America,  
after he had annihilated or subdued all the  
Yankees and had become monarch of all he  
surveyed, he was accosted by a well-dressed,  
white-haired, highly polite and respectable  
old gentleman, who, in a bland voice, said—

"Good evening to your Excellency! I per-  
ceive you are enjoying the evening air, after  
the intellectual fatigues of the day. Long  
may you live to enjoy it. Specially be the day  
when your patriotic Excellency may find  
a respite from the enormous cares of State  
which must now weigh so heavily upon your  
chivalric and truly Southern mind. Pardon  
my warmth, but these are the irrepressible  
sentiments of a true-born Southerner, who  
cannot gaze upon the adored form of the  
savior of the South, without feeling an in-  
clination to—say something."

Jeff. Davis stared at this old salutation,  
smiled at the word "irrepressible," and  
grimly thought of Seward.

"I thank you for your good wishes, my  
friend," said he. "I am indeed resting from  
my labors, which have been very severe of  
late."

"No doubt. Perish the accursed Yan-  
kees who have caused you so much  
trouble!"

"Amen!" said Jeff. Davis, gritting his  
teeth.

"Not a friend. He has just rented a  
house here, for here he is well known, and  
here he means to live and die. You must  
have heard of him—Old Arnold Blood-  
skin."

The name sounded well to the ears of Jeff.,  
but he shook his head negatively, and they  
walked a short distance further.

They passed through a long green lane, in  
the suburbs of the city, in which Jeff. had  
been fearfully walking (though there was  
nobody there) and approached an old-  
fashioned house near which there was no  
other habitation. The house itself looked  
deserted.

"That is the house. He will be surprised  
to meet such a distinguished personage.  
Though he told me he was determined soon  
to see you and tell all."

"What I do is always done quickly," re-  
plied Jeff., proudly.

The old gentleman entered without knock-  
ing—"he wished to surprise Bloodskin," he  
said—and Jeff., with an instinctive touch  
of his knife and revolver, followed, and they  
went up stairs. A knock at a door admitted  
them, and in the next instant Jeff. Davis,  
President of the Seceshers, found himself a  
dismayed and pinioned prisoner, in a large  
apartment in which were twelve men, in  
masks.

"How? Betrayed?" he exclaimed, with a  
brief struggle. "Who are you. What would  
you do? I'll call for help, if you don't re-  
lease me at once, and have every one of you  
lung. Release me!"

At this threat each one of the mysterious  
twelve drew a bowie-knife and a six shooter,  
and Jeff., suddenly computing the amount of  
mischievous which could be done with twelve  
blades and seventy-two pistol shots, con-  
cluded to keep quiet, even before the verbal  
reply to his futile menace.

"Sit down, Child of the Old-fashioned Re-  
public, and remain dumb and quiescent,  
while you undergo a catechismical trial by a  
jury of your countrymen, bold Chief of the  
Seceshers. You ask who we are. Know, oh,  
King of the Kooklofty Birds, that we are  
part and portion of the new Southern Order,  
called, commemorated and designated the  
'Knights of the Iron Circle,' and we wear  
our masks for fear the moon might tan our  
faces. Squat!"

And with an expression of mingled rage,  
alarm, and contempt at the language used to-  
ward him, Jeff. Davis squatted on a bench.

The old gentleman who had entrapped him  
into such disagreeable society stood by his  
side, and with a smiling face whispered in his  
ear, that if he did not behave with due respect  
toward the Knights he should feel bound to  
put a bullet or two into the side of his "Pre-  
sidential" head.

The twelve men in masks arranged them-  
selves, seated in a semi circle, before him; and  
by the light of twelve candles, on two tables  
at each wing, the examination proceeded.

"Mr. Ex-Senator, Ex-Senator, Ex-Secretary  
Davis, your most excellent Excellency is  
about to be tried by a jury of your country-  
men, and if you answer quietly, you may be  
let off; otherwise—dead men tell no tales."

Jeff.'s fancy is luminous at times, especially  
under the influence of excessive whiskey;  
and he now fancied what a determined ex-  
pression must lurk beneath these ugly masks  
—and merely answered, "Proceed."

And the proceedings continued—after one of  
the Black Masks had whistled "The Star  
Spangled Banner," in a very powerful and  
unmistakable manner, the whole thirteen, joining  
in the chorus.

"Having endured your Excellency, we  
will now endeavor to dissect you a little. We  
desire you to answer categorically and not  
dogmatically. Are you aware, sir, that your  
whole public life has been a series of miser-  
able cheats? You have not only cheated  
yourself, but the language and everybody  
else, of his due? Did you fancy that because  
you added your little drop in the bucket in  
the Mexican war, that you were the greatest,  
the only soldier in it? Of course you did;  
and you have been blown up with military  
conceit ever since. You have even declared  
that you wished to measure forces with our  
great and glorious Scott, the most thorough  
and experienced soldier of the age, whom in  
your irreverent pride you have called the  
greatest hunter!"

Jeff. emitted great rostrations at mention of  
the man he thinks his "rival," as a dunghill  
cock might feel nervous at sight of the broad-  
winged Eagle. But he held his tongue.

"You are of course aware, Mister Would-  
Be Bonaparte, that Old Zach Taylor despised  
and hated you, long before you ran off with  
his daughter. He and she are both in Heaven  
now, and reconciled, I hope, where you  
can never go. Having run off with the Old  
Hero's daughter and seen her in the grave,  
you have run off with several daughters of  
Uncle Sam, himself—God pity you!—and if  
they follow your lead, you will see them also  
in the grave."

Jeff. writhed and groaned a little.

"Perhaps the first among the many dis-  
graces you have brought upon the country,  
was your infamous stamping of the State of  
Mississippi, advising her to turn sinner and  
repudiate her honest foreign debt, which she  
did, and in consequence brought ignominy  
upon the whole American name. It is a won-  
der to all good men that a man like you could  
ever have the confidence of any consider-  
able number of sober men. But the devil  
never forsakes his own, they say, and the Se-  
nate and even the Cabinet have since been  
polluted by your presence, to the lasting  
injury of the country. Now what could be ex-  
pected but final and unblushing treason, from  
a head and heart like yours? Where is the  
good man who respects you? What good  
man could you ever sympathize with, in re-  
ality? While in power, under the Federal  
Government, you used that power to give to  
plunder, undermine, defame and destroy it.  
You have raised your ingrate hand against  
the fairest fabric of government that God has  
permitted human wisdom to frame. Upon  
a land the most prosperous in the world, you  
have been a chief means of bringing the direst

curse, Civil War. Horrible traitor! Detest-  
able paricide! Viper in human form, you  
are a living lie!"

"You shall live to repent this, you black-  
masked rascal!" screamed Davis, in a rage,  
starting from his seat—into which he was im-  
mediately coerced again, by the click of the  
old gentleman's revolver.

"You will not live to see it then," calmly  
replied his denouncer. "If you have courage  
enough ever to face your patriotic country-  
men on the field of battle, though you had a  
million lives, you would never escape to tell  
the tale. But your most probable death will  
be at the hands of the Southerners you have  
molested, whom you are plunging into wretch-  
edness and ruin, and who will yet seek to  
avenge themselves on their unscrupulous and  
selfish betrayer. A Southern hangman or as-  
sassin will yet wreak upon you the doom you  
have wished for others."

Here the speaker resumed his seat, and an  
other arose.

"Our brother has spoken well, but he has  
forborne to put several questions to you,  
which I hope your Confederate Majesty may  
possibly make shift to answer. You may an-  
swer them separately or in a lump, or not at  
all. I merely ask for information. Why  
didn't you abide by the result of the Procla-  
mation election, when it was indisputably  
fair? Why did you plan the plunder of Go-  
vernment property? Has the Government  
ever injured you or the South? If you had  
any cause of complaint against parties or in-  
dividual States, had you ever any against the  
General Government? On the contrary, have  
not the majority of the Administrations been  
Democratic, and never at any time, till now,  
of the Free-Soil order? Where do the great  
majority of well-educated Southerners go for  
their education? Is it not to the colleges of  
the North? Who bore the brunt of the Revo-  
lutionary War? Was it not the North? What  
General wrested the South from British  
domination? Was it not Greene, of Rhode  
Island? Under whose protectingegis was  
the South made prosperous, and almost  
created? Was it not that of the National  
Eagle, the National Administration, the Na-  
tional Flag, against which you have raised  
your loss hand? Pitiful creature! If your  
mind was not benighted by the poisonous  
nature of your corrupt heart, you would see  
and shoulder at the unparalleled immortality  
of infancy you have won for yourself. Failing  
all hope of being President, and hating the  
goodness of patriots with whom you could  
never presume to compete, you have aspired  
to the fame of a military despot, a Catiline,  
an Arnold, though even the paltry elevation  
you have thus far attained has not been re-  
ceived from the people you profess to repre-  
sent. Self-elected, self-willed and self-con-  
ceited man, though the meridian of your infamy  
may not yet be reached, you have found the  
meridian of your power; which will soon  
crumble to dust, scattered like your hopes  
and your worthless existence, before the  
sweeping vengeance of Union men."

"Perhaps his Royal Excellency would like  
a suck of whiskey from my private bottle!"  
he suggested one of the mystic masks, ad-  
vancing, bottle in hand. "Prime Old Bour-  
bon, your Glory. I know you're fond of a  
suck. That last suck was a sockdologer, don't  
you think so, Jeff? Honor bright!"

But his "Excellency" refused; looking se-  
verely annihilating, cut throat President's Mes-  
sages at him and his confederates.

"Well, that's uncivil. But perhaps, as I'm  
so kind, you'll be kind enough to answer me  
an interrogation point or two. What's your  
opinion of the 'calvary' of poisoning and as-  
sination, getting drunk, lying, stealing,  
boasting, lynching, robbery, piracy and tra-  
velling, trying men to enlist and lugging back  
yourself? How much foreign aid will you be  
able to get? And how much foreign credit  
will you be likely to get, on the strength of a  
republican's reputation? If the South is so  
rich as you have said, why does she need aid?  
If she can ship the Yankees, ten to one, as  
you declare, do you hang back from mercy,  
or expect them soon to surrender without a  
blow?"

Here a variety of questions were put by  
other members of the "jury."

"How long before you are going to put the  
Secesh flag on top of Faneuil Hall?"

"Where do you expect to dine next fourth  
of July?"

"When are you going to take the Capital?"

"Do you reckon that Abe Lincoln is alto-  
gether too long for this world?"

"What odds are you going to give General  
Scott when you beat him?"

"If it takes six months for seven thousand  
men to whip sixty men, how long will it  
take ten million to conquer twenty million?"

"Can a Yankee fight as well as a  
Mexican?"

"What's your opinion of Major Anderson,  
Baltimore, Ren. Butler, Captain Lyon, and  
things, and the present state of mind in  
Western Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri?"

"Is a Northern laboring man as good as a  
Southern lazy-bones?"

"How much cotton do you expect to ex-  
port this year, now that the blockade has  
begun?"

"As the European world is on the verge of  
a war, do you suppose France or some other  
Power will make a high bid for your military  
genius?"

"Which do you reckon the world thinks  
the greatest man—Jeff. Davis or George  
Washington?"

"Do you think you are a better friend to  
humanity than Daniel Webster or Henry  
Clay?"

"What do you suppose Old Hickory would  
do if he had hold of you?"

"Why didn't you wait till a National Con-  
vention, state your case, and then seek like  
a gentleman?"

"Do you intend to sneak out of the Con-  
federacy as you did out of the Union?"

"Will you enlist for the Northern armies,  
or be lynched immediately here in this  
room?"

"Answer us, separately, or in a lump."

"You may, one and all of you, individually  
and collectively, go to the devil!" roared the  
irreligious prisoner, jumping up, unable to  
contain himself longer, and making use of  
his favorite style of eloquence. "Lynch me,  
curse you, if you will; but if I live, and don't  
pay you all off, may I be eternally—"

A general leveling of revolvers checked  
him.

"Don't be rash, don't swear," whispered  
the old gentleman; "it isn't President like."

"I'll slaughter every man, woman and child  
in the North!" raved Jeff. "You've kid-  
napped me, you hounds!"

"How many hundreds have been kid-  
napped by your sanction, miserable traitor?"  
was the stern reply; "and been be-  
gged, imprisoned, maimed and slain? We  
now intend to gag you, and have you here  
till your satellites shall find you, while we  
leave this despicable region for a more con-  
genial clime. Beware! One shout for help,  
and you die, and rob the gallows of its due!"

In a few seconds the King of the Seceshers  
was made mute, and fastened to a chair,  
bound hand and foot. Before him, on a table,  
were placed the candles, an open copy  
of the Bible, and the Constitution of the United  
States; and round his head, by way of  
night-cap, was pinned the American flag.

"Good by, Jeff!" cried all. "Hope to meet  
you again, at the foot of the scaffold. So the  
sooner you hurry up North the better. A  
parting serenade, boys!"

And after whistling Yankee Doodle vigo-  
rously in his ears, the Knights of the Iron  
Circle left him alone in his glory.

He was sought and found next day, but no  
trace of the Knights could be obtained. The  
story was hushed up—and Jeff. don't go out  
alone now.—True Flag.

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irreligious prisoner, jumping up, unable to  
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## THE SUNNY SIDE THE WAY.

Coldly comes the March wind—  
Coldly from the north—  
Yet the cottage little ones  
Gaily venture forth:  
Free from cloud the firmament,  
Free from sorrow they,  
The playful children choosing  
The sunny side the way.

Sadly sighs the North wind  
Naked boughs among,  
Like a tale of mournfulness  
Told in mournful song!  
But the merry little ones,  
Happy things are they,  
Singing like the lark, on  
The sunny side the way.

There the silvery snow-drop—  
Daffodils like gold—  
Primroses and Crocuses  
Cheerfully unfold:  
Poor? those cottage little ones?  
Poor? no—rich are they,  
With their shining treasures on  
The sunny side the way.

Coldly off the winds blow  
On the easy life,  
Spreading in the wilderness,  
Care, and pain, and strife;  
Yet the heart may shelter have,  
Cold though be the day,  
Choosing like the little ones,  
The sunny side the way.

## TWO WAYS.

There are two ways of dealing with our  
fellow men, both of which may be considered  
honest. One is to give your neighbor his  
due, but not a cent more. In shovelling  
the snow from the sidewalk, take care and not  
shovel any from before his house. Stop ex-  
actly at the line, and give him to understand  
that he must shovel his own snow. Pursue  
the same policy in everything, and let him  
know that he has a neighbor who will not  
suffer his rights to be trampled on. The re-  
sult is natural. You stir up the same spirit  
in him. He looks out for his rights as jealously  
as you do for yours; and you soon  
find that you have got one of the least ac-  
commodating, one of the meanest and most  
obstinate of neighbors in the world; while  
he entertains precisely the same opinion of  
you.

The other way is to deal, not exactly  
generously. Always be willing to pay  
all the things you purchase is worth; and  
show less anxiety about paying too much  
than about paying too little. Shovel the  
snow from before both houses, when conve-  
nient, and don't look as if you expected some  
grateful return for the favor. Feel that it is  
a pleasure to accommodate your neighbors  
in all things possible; and that, in matters of  
slight misunderstanding, it is always better  
magnanimously to surrender your rights than  
to indulge in a petty quarrel. You will soon  
find that also in this case you will stir up  
a similar spirit in those you deal with; and  
that, instead of jealousies and complaints of  
each other, which are the curse of a neigh-  
borhood, you and your friends will imitate  
each other in doing kind offices.

Or if this does not result, you will still be  
the gainer. You will gain a noble and se-  
rene spirit of toleration, which will be worth  
more to you than all the trifles there may be  
dispute about. Your charity and generosity  
will be reflected back upon yourself; and the  
more liberally you treat those who use you  
ill, the larger and warmer your heart will  
become, and the sweeter and worthier your  
life.

THE PLANETARY SYSTEM.—Sir John Her-  
schel gives the following "illustration calcu-  
lated to convey a general impression of the  
relative magnitudes and distances of our pla-  
netary system."—"Choose any well-labeled  
field; on it place a globe, two feet in diameter  
—this will represent the Sun; Mercury will  
be represented by a grain of mustard seed,  
on the circumference of a circle eighty-two feet  
distant from the Sun; Venus, a pea, one hun-  
dred and forty-two feet; the Earth, also a  
pea, two hundred and fifteen feet; Mars, a  
rather large pin's head, three hundred and  
twenty-seven feet; Juno, Ceres, Vesta, and  
Pallas, grains of sand, in distances from five  
hundred to six hundred feet; Jupiter, a mo-  
derate-sized orange, nearly a quarter of a mile  
away; Saturn, a small orange, distant two-  
fifths of a mile; Uranus, a full-sized cherry,  
or small plum, more than three quarters of  
a mile; and Neptune, a good-sized plum, about  
one mile and a quarter from the centre. To  
imitate the motions of the planets in the above  
orbits, Mercury must describe its own dia-  
meter in 41 seconds; Venus, in 4 minutes 14  
seconds; the Earth, in 7 minutes; Mars, in 4  
minutes 48 seconds; Jupiter, 2 hours 56 mi-  
nutes; Saturn, in 3 hours 13 minutes; Uranus,  
in 2 hours 16 minutes; and Neptune, in 3  
hours 30 minutes."

MODEL SIGN.—An ingenious cobbler, in  
Stellacomb, Washington Territory, managed  
to study out a plan to plant a sign for his  
shop, and save the expense of painting several  
letters. It is as follows:—

## SHOE.

The sign is characteristic of the proprietor,  
says the Puget Sound Herald, who is known  
as a man of very few words, whose conver-  
sation rarely extends beyond monosyllables,  
and who is very provident of even them.

STRIPES.—The three stripes on the seces-  
sion flag are thus described by a New York  
divine:—

First Stripe.—Reputation.—We won't pay  
our debts.

Second Stripe.—Secession.—We won't obey  
the laws.

Third Stripe.—Privateering.—Twenty-five  
dollars for a live soldier, and twenty dollars  
for a dead one.

## ANECDOTE OF WELLINGTON.

I remember a wooden-legged soldier, whom  
I once saw defend the Duke of Wellington in  
a mob. But I must tell you the story. In  
the spring of 1827, I was spending an extra  
vacation in London, and thus I witnessed the  
mobbing of this great man. I suppose you  
have thought that the Iron Duke had only  
successes, and laurels, and honors in this  
world. Not so. He had not been the Iron  
Duke, if he had not been hardened by moral  
conflict, as well as by warlike combat. At  
the time I was in London, the Duke had  
given his voice for Catholic Emancipation,  
consequently he had made himself obnoxious  
to the bigoted rabble. Sectarian preachers  
preached against him day and night, from  
pulpit, stand and stump, about treason, Popery  
and the like, until the poor ignorant masses  
imagined that they must be bitten and bridled  
by a Pope and priesthood, and ridden to the  
death, if Catholics were treated like human  
beings. Wellington had thrown his great in-  
fluence in the scale for Emancipation, conse-



## LIFE'S BATTLE-FIELD.

Each has his own one path in life,  
A circle lies within his ken—  
And a small circle, too, perchance—  
We cannot all be famous men!  
And duties are not truly done  
By panting vainly after fame,  
Or fretting for the want of chance  
To quickly make a brilliant name.

A brilliant name! Too oft is this  
The phantom that leads many on,  
Until, too late, they wake and find  
The time for real endeavor gone!  
Better to fill a lowly place,  
And labor there with soul and heart,  
Than dream ambitiously of wealth  
Till time and youthful strength depart.

Do I speak sadly? Truth it is  
That in the lowest place of life  
A man can act a hero's part,  
Amid the daily toil and strife!  
Aye, amid hourly din and care,  
Even though within the humblest home,  
Can shine in virtue great and grand  
As ever gilded ancient Rome!

Life's heroism does not need  
A spacious or a lofty stage;  
Life's greatest deeds are not all writ  
Upon the flaming golden page!  
Believe me, glorious work is done,  
As the world's wheels still onward go,  
Which ten-tongued rumor never yet  
Hath blazoned, or will ever know.

Self-conquest, self-devotion—these  
Are the high gifts which give to all  
Who own them that well-tempered mind,  
Prepared alike to win or fail—  
Prepared, with fitting mien, to meet  
The happy god or bitter ill!  
Unshaken, whether fate the cup  
With nectar or with gall may fill!

Each of these words, in loftier truth,  
Is a sure talisman in life,  
To guard and strengthen heart and brain  
In time of hour and strife;  
All stations are alike befit—  
The peasant's cot or monarch's throne—  
To every man a priceless gift  
They bring, in self-respect alone!  
—*Sharpe's Magazine.*

## VIOLET;

## THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

## CHAPTER LXXIX.

We are encompassed on all sides by wonders, and we can scarcely set our foot upon the ground without trampling upon some marvellous production that our whole life and all our faculties would not suffice to comprehend. . . . But there is one class of these wonders with which, from their comparatively rare occurrence, we do not become familiar; and these, according to the character of the mind to which they are presented, are frequently either deemed as ridiculous and impossible, or receive as evidence of supernatural interference—interruptions of those general laws by which God governs the universe; which latter mistake arises from our only seeing these facts without the links that connect them with the rest of nature, just as, in the faint light of a starlit night, we might distinguish the tall mountains that lift their crests high in the sky, though we could not discern the low chain of hills that unite them with each other.

—*Mrs. Crook.*

It was indeed the form of Lady Maud St. Clair which swiftly and almost noiselessly approached the spot where Erle and old Pengreep stood gazing with awe upon the sad spectacle the antique chest had disclosed to their wondering eyes. She appeared to be hurriedly attired, and was habited in the same dress which she had worn when first Erle met her in this ancient chamber. It was as though on this occasion she had denuded it with some fixed motive. Erle had but time to motion Pengreep to retire into the deep shadow of a recess, when she reached his side.

He looked upon her piteously wan, pallid face, and his heart sank within him. Her long fair hair was dishevelled and hung about her shoulders in wild disorder, and lent to her thin features a ghastly character. Her eyes, which were fixed upon him, were glassy and rigid, and he perceived, by the absence of all expression, that she was once more under the influence of a fit of somnambulism.

She paused as she reached the chest, and her lips moved tremulously, but he could not gather from her imperfect articulation a single word. She appeared to be conscious of the presence of some being, but not of his, for she turned her head slowly, as though she followed with her eyes some moving object, until her face was presented to the antique chest. Then her eyes slowly upturned, until they rested on space above the huge trunk, and there they remained fixed until a soft, radiant smile lit up her pale, transparent face.

Then she stretched out her hand towards Erle. Instinctively he took it—how icy cold it was. Her thin fingers clutched his, and she bent her face towards him.

"Kneel," she whispered, sinking at the same moment slowly upon her knees. As instinctively as he had taken her hand he bent his knee and knelt beside her, and upraised his eyes to the place upon which hers were fixed. Whether he saw aught not usually disclosed to human eyes, he never afterwards mentioned, but no sooner had his gazed fastened upon the spot to which hers were turned than the pupils of his eyes dilated, his face grew white as Lady Maud's, large drops of glittering perspiration stood upon his forehead, and his limbs quivered, trembled violently. A feeble cry burst from his lips, and for an instant he looked as if he would fall to the ground in a swoon.

But Lady Maud trembled, too, like an aspen, and she drew closer to him, until her weak frame rested against his shoulder. He placed his arm about her waist tenderly to support her, and he turned his eyes from the object on which he had been gazing upon hers. The same radiant smile of felicity curved her small, delicate lips, and seemingly in an ecstasy of happiness, she breathed, in murmuring accents—"Thine! thine alone, and for ever!"

He bowed his head low; it may have been to conceal the throng of emotions which struggled in his bosom—it may have been to receive some invisible benediction. A plaintive, tremulous voice, ascending from behind him, chanted in sweet and feeble tones—

"By God's holy grace the heir of the race,  
The wronged to right,  
His own to regain,  
In sorrow and pain,  
Has fought the fight,  
And has solved the Wonder of Kingswood Chase."

At this moment a wild and piercing shriek rang through the still and solemn chamber. Erle hurriedly cast his eyes up to one who stood with extended arms stretched over him, looking spectral and weird like, as of an age long past. It was Eldra.

But it was not she who shrieked. Erle caught a glimpse of a dark object flitting past him, but he felt the form of Lady Maud quivering and shuddering violently, and he turned his eyes upon her face. Her features for a moment appeared convulsed, her eyelids closed over her rigid eyes, and fluttered and trembled as though her spirit was passing from her mortal frame into a happier and more blissful region.

Suddenly she opened her eyelids, and looked at him with a startled, wondering expression, full in the eyes. "Is not this a dream?" she murmured.

"No—no, beloved," he whispered, drawing her close to his heart.

"Then it is death!" she ejaculated, and relapsed into a state of insensibility.

Erle, bewildered, half-distracted, rose up with the inanimate form of Lady Maud in his arms. He looked wildly round him. "Shall I not call for help?" he cried, as much in soliloquy as that he addressed anyone near to him.

"Be calm—it is at hand. See!" exclaimed Eldra, in a low tone, as she pointed to one who approached them.

The shriek, although it had made the blood of Erle run cold, had no unearthly origin. It had been uttered by Lady Maud's maid Harebell, who, waking, caught a glimpse of her mistress gliding from the chamber. Hurriedly attiring herself, she followed her, and entered the library, to see her kneeling by the side of one she supposed to have been murdered, and whose apparition she firmly believed she now saw.

She fell back on to the floor in a swoon, and Pengreep, who caught sight of her advancing in an attitude of terror, heard her scream, saw her fall, guessed the cause, and rushed to her assistance. He raised her and brought her in his arms to where Erle and Eldra stood, and he whispered—"Don't be alarmed—it is only an attendant. What shall be done? Shall I restore her, or suffer her to remain in this faint until you have conveyed Lady Maud to a place of safety?"

"Restore her if you can," exclaimed Erle, imperatively.

"I keep postscripts for these occasions," muttered Pengreep. "They are so useful." A touch of his old character returned to him at the moment.

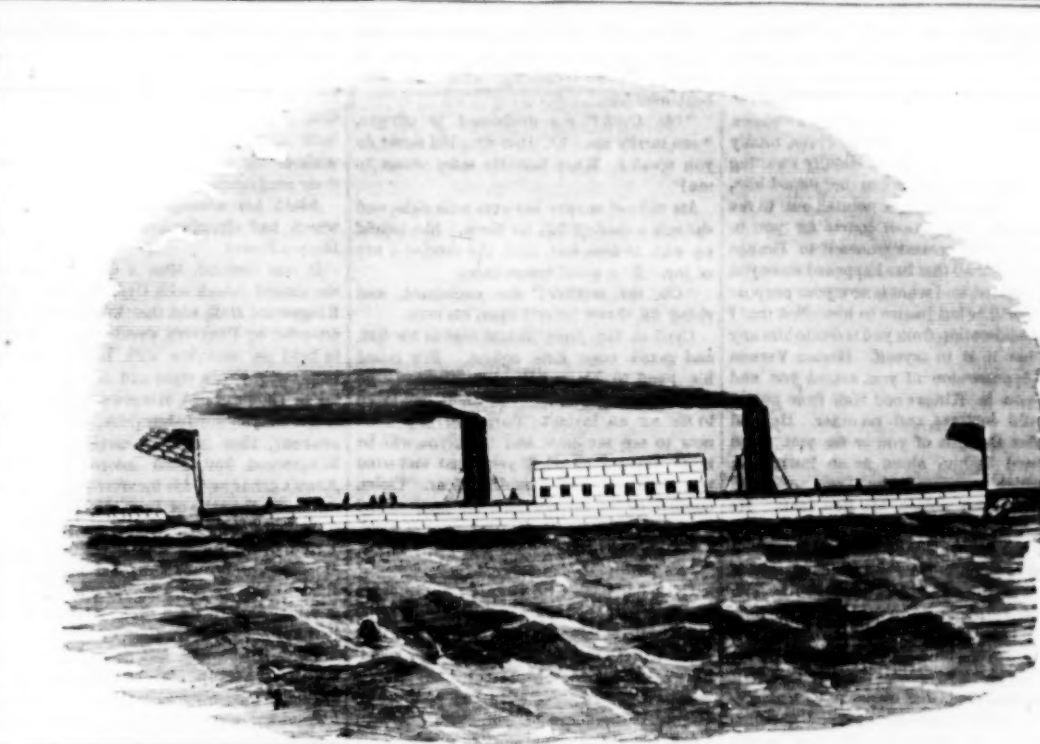
Erle laid Maud's pale, inanimate face upon his shoulder and folded his arms around her as if to shield her from all possible harm, while old Pengreep produced from a pocket a small phial, with some of the contents of which he moistened the temples and nostrils of Harebell.

The effects appeared magical, for the drug, whatever it might have been, was potent. Harebell opened her eyes, and gazed about her with a wild and frightened expression. It was only by persevering and earnest efforts that her scattered senses were brought within control. When she was made to comprehend that Erle had not been murdered; that he was not dead; that it was he himself, real flesh and blood, who stood before her, she burst into tears of unfeigned joy. "The Lord is bountiful," she sobbed; "He is merciful. He is good. We shall save Lady Maud's life now."

"Not if we keep her here," said Erle, urgently. "Guide me with quiet steps to her apartments. I will bear her thither, and resign her to your charge the moment that we reach them. Her ladyship has wandered in her sleep hither. Your sudden shriek aroused her; her eyes, on opening, lighted on my face, she recognized it, and the sudden shock of meeting me thus has thrown her into a swoon."

Erle uttered these words rapidly, but Harebell heard and understood them. She appeared to comprehend the situation with more clearness than before, although she was quite at a loss to conceive how or wherefore Erle and his strange looking companions had entered the old haunted library in the dead hour of the night. She saw vividly, too, the necessity of restoring Lady Maud to her chamber, and said, hurriedly—"Be pleased to follow me, sir; and oh, if you please, don't make a noise to alarm the household, or the consequences will be awful."

Erle raised Maud tenderly in his arms. She seemed to him no heavier than a child; and blissfully, notwithstanding the circumstances, he bore his precious burden until he reached the door of her apartment, when he gently conveyed her to the arms of Harebell, and whispered—"Use such restoratives as you possess without the loss of a moment's time, and should you find that you cannot promptly recover her ladyship from her swoon, summon medical assistance without the smallest delay. When she returns to her senses, should any allusion be made by her to her visit to the library, treat it as a dream."



THE STEVENS BOMB-PROOF BATTERY AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

We engrave the above picture of this celebrated battery, from a sketch in Harper's Weekly. That journal says:—"At the present session of Congress there is but little doubt that orders will be given to finish the celebrated Bomb-proof Battery, designed by R. L. Stevens, and which for so many years has lain at the yard at Hoboken, securely guarded by watchmen and dogs. Until very recently no one connected with

the press has ever visited it. Our artist, however, embraced an opportunity of visiting the monster ship, and has furnished us with a sketch. He also learned that this vessel, when about to engage in an action, is sunk so that its decks are just above water. It will mount a powerful battery of sixteen rifled guns in the bomb-proof casemates, while two heavy Columbiads for throwing shells will be mounted on the deck—one forward and the other aft.

The funnels, or smoke-pipes, will be constructed on the telescopic principle, and can be lowered at pleasure, or in action, when they would serve for a mark for the enemy's shot. Mr. Stevens says that if the vessel is fitted out according to his plans, he would be willing to guarantee the capture of Sumter in a less number of hours than it took the South Carolinians with their seventeen batteries."

but break to her as gently as you can that though wounded, I live; that the clouds which have enshrouded my early life are passing swiftly away, and that sunshine will gladden and glorify my coming day."

Harebell hardly waited to the close of his remarks before she disappeared with her young mistress; Erle gazed to the last upon the marble pale face, looking so like death, and so beautiful even in that condition. The door shut her from his sight, and he turned and retraced his steps to the library.

When he re-entered it he beheld Pengreep and Eldra standing like grim sentinels each by the side of the ancient black oak chest. They stood as silent and motionless as the panoplied figures which were placed at intervals down the chamber. It was easy for him to see, even by the feeble rays of the lamp, which dimly displayed their features, that some deeply agonizing revelation or explanation had during his brief absence passed between them. The face of old Pengreep appeared as if it had been transformed into a rigid visage carved in new hewn stone, while around the ashen, furrowed face of the aged Eldra large tears, brilliant and scalding, chased each other slowly.

Both turned their bright, penetrating eyes on him as he reached them, but neither attempted to offer the slightest allusion to the subject of their communion. Whatever it might have been, it remained concealed within their own bosoms, and it perished with them.

After a brief but awe-commanding silence, Eldra slowly raised her hand, and with her crooked, talon-like finger, pointed to the still open chest. Addressing Erle, she said, in solemn tones—"The spirit of the murdered innocent will not slumber in peace while her unburied remains lie crumpled within your unhalloved receptacle. The task to see them laid in a consecrated sepulchre, under the sacred ministrations of a holy priest of heaven, is thine. Until then the perturbed phantoms of the slayer and slain will wander in desolate unrest over the places in which during life they loved to roam. Until then the cloud upon the House will frown over its roof. But when that duty has been fulfilled, then the great bell of Kingswood Hall, silent for generations, shall peal forth in grand tones a joyful recognition of the heir of the proud race, which, in glory and in gloom, has carried its destinies through a dozen centuries. In that hour peace will be brought to your crushed heart, the agonies of a long and weary pilgrimage will be brought to a close. I, too, shall lay my head down without a sigh, happy in knowing that this weak and palsied frame is passing away into dust, happier yet in the knowledge that all bearing until now tainted and accursed name of Kingswood who come after me will live in blissful peace and serenity; happiest of all, that the unknown son has become known, and that the wronged will have been righted, and that Heaven may be henceforth in humble earnestness addressed with prayers for the repose of the souls of those who have sinned and suffered."

Erle folded his arms across his breast and sank slowly upon his knees. He upturned his eyes to heaven, and in tones which trembled with the intense emotion which inspired his words, ejaculated—"Have mercy, Father!"

Eldra and Pengreep both simultaneously bowed down upon their bent knees, and both, with low, wailing moans, upraised their trembling hands, and in quivering voices muttered, with low but passionate earnestness—"Have mercy, Father!"

A scarcely audible swelling air of sacred melody seemed to float through the apartment. It was as though the music from some distant chapel had been wafted upon the bosom of a soft wind, and reached their ears ere it had died out. As it ceased to be heard, Erle rose from his kneeling posture, and motioning to old Pengreep to assist him, he ap-

plied his hands to the lid of the chest, restored it to its original condition, and then he locked it, taking possession of the key. When he had raised Eldra from her almost crouching posture, he whispered to Pengreep—"Come, let us away. More here at present we cannot do. I must seek Lord Kingswood."

Before Pengreep could reply, he moved to depart; the latter, however, stayed him. "I do not object to your seeking Lord Kingswood," he said. "It will be useful that you should do so; first, however, it will be imperative upon you, as a first step to your success, that you should assemble the servants of the household, and proclaim to them your name, rank and rightful claim as heir-at-law to Lord Kingswood."

"There lies one here in a dangerous condition of health," responded Erle, quickly; "by such an act I may occasion a tumult, and her life in consequence may be imperilled; rather than to do that, I would, far as I have advanced towards success, forego all and perish in obscurity."

"I do not counsel that you should urge your claim with a violent demonstration; on the contrary, it may be done in the morning within the Hall. It will be enough that you call the people together, and record your claim. You may then depart in peace, and remain so until we have compelled Lord Kingswood to acknowledge you."

Erle, with a slight gesture of assent, moved towards the secret door by which they had gained admittance to the library. Eldra, however, stayed him. "It will be better that you should for to night return to the hunting lodge," she said. "There are subterranean passages which communicate between it and the Hall, the secret entrance to which I am in possession of. By pursuing these passages you will escape observation, and you may then enter Kingswood Hall, in order to assert your right, by the principal entrance, and in the open light of day."

As she ceased speaking she moved towards the chest, and near to its side she touched a spring in the wall; a door, fitting so closely into the wall that its existence was not apparent, revolved inwards, and revealed a flight of steps, the red glare of a torch flamed within, and Eldra, seizing it from where its pointed end was stuck into the ground, led the way from the library.

The way beneath the Chase was long and devious, but at length they emerged within the old lodge, and Eldra conducted them into the room above, in which rested the portrait of Erle, Baron of Kingswood.

Written, it rising up from the floor like a wild beast from its lair, he beheld Tatal Kish. He passed his hand across his blood-shot eyes, as though he was only just aroused from a heavy sleep, and then they lighted upon the white face of Erle. He uttered a low growl, more of terror than of rage, and staggered back against the wall.

"Who heist thee?" he murmured, unheeding the presence of Eldra and Pengreep. "Art spectre of race, or behest the phantom of young spirit? One or t'other thee behest, I know, for the baron who wanders in Chase dead ages ago, and Philip Ayon that other wif his own hen? I saw in do't Ghost an' you be, why do you seek I? What dost want to torture I or?"

"I am no spectre," said Erle, sternly. "I am acquainted with some of your misdoings, for which you may expect a fitting punishment, without mercy from my hands. Aye, you and your scoundrel colleagues—" "Hush! hush!" interposed old Pengreep eagerly. "To make an enemy of this man is folly, to treat him in a kind and friendly spirit will be wise. You know not his origin. When you do it once after your views concerning him, and his testimony against Philip Ayon will be most valuable. The law treats an attempt at murder with grim severity, and no gentleman would dream of going out with a fellow who endeavored to assassinate him."

"Aye," exclaimed Eldra, raising her two hands, and chanting, as a weird woman, her incantations—

"For though his life he spare,  
Shall thrust a venom'd dart  
Deep in his serpent heart,  
Soul slain, yet not to die,  
Shall be his destiny.  
The Kingswood who does this  
Will win a path to bliss."

"Then he beest a ghost?" muttered Tatal Kish, between his teeth.

"No," exclaimed old Pengreep; "but a living, breathing creature like—no, not like you, but yet living as you are, and like, too, to prove a friend to you."

"A doan't want his friendship," the fellow cried. "He got me contents of his gun-barrel, an' he broke stock on my head, an' I hate 'un, an'—an'—my knife shall do its work better than Philip Ayon's bullet, I know."

"Silence, wretch!" exclaimed Eldra, in a fierce tone. She advanced to Tatal, and whispered for a minute in his ear; the fellow started as he listened to her, and gazed at Erle with extended eyes; then he, with a dogged look, but still a more respectful manner towards Erle, moved slowly out of the room.

"You spoke of his origin," said Erle, addressing Pengreep. "Whence does he spring?"

"One of the many deeds of shame and wrong which cling like a pestilent disease to those who bear the name of Kingswood is connected with the origin of your unfortunate wretch," he answered. "He clings to this place as an animal to the spot in which it is reared, submissive, however, to no law or to no reason, save such as Eldra chooses to impose upon him. He will be a most important witness in your favor, not only as against Philip Ayon, but as to the establishment of your identity; it will be well, therefore, to conciliate rather than to treat him with harshness."

"The couch which has already offered you rest is still at your service," observed Eldra, eyeing him earnestly. "You will do well to seek it."

"Aye," exclaimed Pengreep, "you will need rest. He advised, secure it." In truth he did need it. So recently arisen from a sick bed, his strength was not equal to the occasions which tasked it. He had already overtaxed his strength, and was high into swooning when Eldra first addressed him. He, with white face and white lips, and with tottering steps, avoided the gaze of Eldra and Pengreep's advance, and entering the room which had been Vincent's, he, quite exhausted, flung himself upon it.

Ten long, dreary days elapsed ere he was again able to leave it. Both Eldra and Pengreep watched and tended him incessantly, until once more he had recovered sufficient strength to enter anew upon his arduous task. In those ten days old Pengreep had not been idle. He had communicated with others on matters of his own and Erle's, he had ascertained the particulars of the duel which had taken place between Lord Kingswood and the Marquis of Chillingham, with the death of the latter, and the absence of the former, badly wounded, secreted in some place then unknown. The intelligence made him the more anxious for prompt action on the part of Erle to compel Lord Kingswood to acknowledge Eldra's son as his own; it would render Erle's assertion more painful and complicated than it had yet been. He consequently watched his recovery with great anxiety.

But Erle's constitution was sound, his discipline at Avon had not been thrown away, and though he had suffered a relapse from too hastily relying on his strength, it was not so very long ere he was capable of again going through and enduring much that would have prostrated most youths of his age.

One morning, therefore, old Pengreep hav-

ing given certain instructions to Tatal Kish, accompanied Erle to Kingswood Hall. The sky was clear, the sun shone brightly, the air blew freshly and fragrantly, scented with the odor of flowers and blossoms; but although all nature itself seemed to glitter and look joyous, Erle thought the pile of buildings forming Kingswood Hall appeared strangely silent and gloomy. Window-blinds were drawn down, and there was not a domestic or even an animal moving about the place. A painful thrill ran through his frame, and his heart sank like a leaden weight in his breast, for he thought of Lady Maud. He did not say a word to Pengreep, but a strange fear seized him that Lady Maud was dead.

It is impossible to conceive the intensity of relief to his mind which he experienced when, drawing near to the Hall, he cast his eyes up to the quarter in which Lady Maud's apartments were situated, and beheld her standing at an open window. He waved his hand to her, and he saw her clasp both hers in deep emotion—it might have been in thankfulness at beholding him again—and then she retired from the window.

It is certain that Harebell had faithfully executed his injunctions. She had with excellent skill and tact broken to Lady Maud the fact of his existence, and the latter, having a motive now to recover her health, it was astonishing how nature assisted her efforts. She knew that Erle was not only alive, but in the vicinity of the Hall. Her proposition to him had been suddenly interrupted, and had ended without result.

She was conscious that he had commenced to say something to her in deprecation of her truly loving and unselfish offer, but whatever he might say, she felt that she would be able to overrule it, and so it became necessary that she should get well and strong quickly. She therefore devoted herself assiduously to that object, and regained strength at a rate which perfectly electrified Harebell, who had already begun to speculate on what description of flowers she should weave into a garland to hang upon her tomb.

Erle and Pengreep advanced to the Hall, and halted at the grand entrance. Then Erle, with the mien and step of a prince, advanced into the grand hall, and calling to him the porter, he bade him summon his fellow servants, that they might listen to a communication he was desirous to make to them. The porter eyed him with an expression of amazement; but there was something in Erle's manner which he felt compelled to obey. He rang a bell which sounded through the building, and servants from various parts came hurrying, wondering why they were thus required in the hall.

When they were assembled, the steward and Mrs. Muddlemist occupying prominent places, and eyeing Erle with undisguised surprise, the latter said: "I am personally not unknown to you all; I am, therefore, pending certain proceedings which may hereafter take place—advised that it is my duty to inform you that I am the eldest son of Lord Kingswood."

A murmur ran through the hall of astonishment, perhaps, but certainly not of dissent, the remarkable likeness he bore to Lord Kingswood strongly supporting his assertion. "Hitherto," continued Erle, "I have remained unknown by his lordship; but the time will shortly arrive when he will be called upon to acknowledge me. Should his lordship decline, proofs will be then brought forward to support my claim, and possibly the attendance of most of you will be required, not only to speak of my origin here, but the claim I now advance."

"Stay!" cried a hoarse voice. "I have something to say on this matter." And pushing some of the domestics aside, Philip Ayon made his appearance. He started with a ghastly expression of countenance at Erle as though even yet he could scarce believe his eyes. Yet there was plainly no room for doubt; and keeping down a choking sensation of conscious guilt, he assumed the part of the bully. He had caught a glimpse of Erle as he entered the hall, and his first impulse was to take to flight; but a controlling power seemed to force him to the spot where he now appeared. Advancing close to Erle, he said, with a violent and malignant expression of countenance: "You Lord Kingswood's son?—ah! You are both heir and impostor, and a petty thief into the bargain."

No further words left his lips, for Erle dashed his fist against them so violently that Philip Ayon staggered back and fell. Before he could arise, old Pengreep gave rapid directions to two men, who at the moment made their appearance within the hall, to secure him. They forced their way to him, and as he arose, each man took him by the wrist, and held him firmly.

"What is the meaning of this?" he shouted, struggling violently.

"That I charge you with an attempted murder," cried old Pengreep, at the top of his voice.

Philip Ayon fell back a pace. He glared at old Pengreep. "You, you?" he cried, foaming at the mouth. "Do you know me? I am Philip Ayon."

"Aye, the only surviving son of Sir Walter Ayon, Black Walter of Hockwold—the last, absolutely the last of your race," cried Pengreep in a shrill voice. "Officers, secure him. I give the charge. I will substantiate him."

Aston Philip Ayon struggled fiercely, but in vain; and at length, exhausted, he said, with the truth building at his lips: "Who is my accuser?"

"Aye," cried Erle, sternly. "Like a common slave you forced me to a window in the night-time, and you shot me, though you knew I was dead."

"They are here!" cried old Pengreep, with vehement: "Behold!"

So saying, he dragged forth Tatal Kish, who was crouching behind him.

At the sight of him, Philip Ayon uttered a



cry of rage and passion. "I saw ye do it, Master Philip—you know," cried Tubal, in a low, gruff voice; "for ye made I show ye window; and I lay beneath shadow of trees when moonbeams fell on young squire's face, an' ye fired right at 'em."

With a small impulse of passion, Philip Avon threw off the officers who held him by the wrist, and sprang at Tubal. He seized him by the throat, and, unfortunately for both, the latter had a long, broad, wood knife in his belt, which, in his blind frenzy, Philip snatched out, and buried it thrice to the hilt in his body ere his hand could be stayed. Another instant and the officers from whom he had escaped flung him to the ground, wrested the knife from his hand, and in an instant handcuffed him.

A groan of horror ran through all assembled, for Tubal Kish uttered but one gasping scream, and lay upon the stone floor of the hall—dead.

"It is the last fatal blow that will be struck by an Avon upon the body of a Kingswood!" exclaimed Pengreep.

"We have proofs and witnesses here enough now," muttered one of the officers. "This murder will settle all the other questions, whatever they may be."

At this moment Lady Maud entered the hall, and before she could be stopped, appeared within the circle formed by the amazed and horrified domestics. She caught sight of Philip Avon's face, convulsed with the wild passions, ghastly and hideous; and, affrighted, she shrunk to Erle's side, and clung to his arm for support.

Philip Avon, with bloodshot eyes, beheld her act—saw her abhorrent repugnance to himself, and her clinging affection for Erle. He uttered a wild scream of rage and frantic mental agony, and fell back in the arms of those who held him in a convulsive fit.

#### CHAPTER LXXX.

Me thought I had forgot thee, O, my love!  
What knew he of the dew that drops unseen,  
And keeps thy tender memory fresh and green,  
Until that day when ye shall meet? W. C. M.

Last scene of all.  
That ends this strange, eventful history.  
—Shakespeare.

Erle led Lady Maud gently away from the horrible scene enacted in the hall, and the servants, who watched him with eager and inquiring eyes, appeared to feel that he was entitled to act there according to his will, and to control and command them as their future lord and master. The prompt and natural recognition of his rightful presence there by Lady Maud, had, of course, its effect, and as he moved away, leading the young and beautiful girl by the hand, and ascending the staircase with an air of dignity native to his character, there was a spontaneous impulse animating all to raise a lusty cheer in his honor. Nothing but the presence of the dead body of Tubal Kish, and the insensible form of Philip Avon, restrained them.

Leaving old Pengreep to arrange for the disposal of Philip Avon and the murdered man, he conducted Lady Maud to her sitting-apartment, and there, for the first time, he communicated to her his history, so far as he knew it, and with it laid before her his justification of his claims to her hand.

Lady Maud smiled faintly as he concluded, while a rosy blush mantled to her cheek, and she said: "I fear me, Erle, I dare speak the truth, I regard your true claim to my love—my heart, as one purely personal. I loved you without knowing you to be other than Lord Kingswood's family secret. I love you still for what I see in you, and know of you, rather than for what you may prove to be. You are dearer to me as Erle Gower than you will be as Erle, Baron of Kingswood, because now my love makes you my equal; but when you become the proud lord of these vast domains, the claims of simple, loving Maud to your imperial affection may dwarf into insignificance."

Nature acts pretty much the same with the lofty as with the humble in affairs of the heart. As a matter of dignity, the future Lord of Kingswood should have raised the filly fingers of the high-born Lady Maud to his lips, and pressed them in the soft manner imaginable. As a matter of fact, he caught her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers with one long, passionate kiss, even as he had once before done in the old library when he discovered a secret.

That was his answer to her remark. When she had recovered from the charming confusion into which his impetuosity had thrown her, she, in her turn, related the circumstances which had come to her knowledge, which went to account in some degree for the present unhappy condition of the Kingswood family. Lord Kingswood and Cyril she believed to be in London. Lady Kingswood, of whom she spoke in terms of strong affection, she informed him was missing, and though she could not bring her mind to credit that she was no more, or that she ever would raise her hand against her own life, she was yet greatly disturbed and distressed by her mysterious disappearance and her continued absence. Erle promised her that he would use indefatigable efforts to ascertain what had become of her, and assured her that the first information concerning her ladyship which he was enabled to obtain, should be communicated to her without delay.

After they had completed these mutual communications, explanations, and certain heart revelations, it must be admitted much interfered with by the natural horror each felt at what had occurred in the hall, they bade each other farewell for a time, having mutually arranged what their future course should be, providing that Lord Kingswood continued obstinately bent on ignoring Erle as his true heir.

One more tender embrace, one more loving kiss, one long lingering look on the threshold, and they parted.

Erle, on descending to the hall, found that old Pengreep had caused the body of Tubal Kish to be removed to a place where it could

await an inquest, and Philip Avon was also conveyed from Kingswood Hall to the county gaol preparatory to the necessary proceedings being taken against him for his crime committed in presence of so many witnesses.

Pengreep, pale but calm and grave, totally unlike his former self, stood silently waiting Erle's appearance, and when he joined him, he said: "Reflection has pointed out to me the next and the proper course for you to take will be to present yourself to Horace Vernon, relate all that has happened since you have separated, and what is now your purpose. So much will be but justice to him. Not that I think consideration from you is due to him any more than it is to myself. Horace Vernon obtained possession of you, reared you, and placed you in Kingswood Hall from purely revengeful motives, and no other. He had no tender thought of you or for you. You were used by him alone as an instrument with which to wound the heart of Lord Kingswood and poison his happiness. He has gained his object, and by your aid, though not knowingly or willingly given. I have up to the present time attached myself to you with the sole object of revenging myself upon Vernon, who robbed me of the only being I ever loved. Recent circumstances have, however, induced me to change my views; to acknowledge reverently that it is not man but God that disposes. I had proposed to myself a certain object. I abandon it. I resign myself to the stream of events. I will, with you, seek Vernon, acknowledge to him my own treachery, and the utter inadequacy of the result of a life wholly misappropriated and wasted, and point out to him how he has traversed the same dreary, profitless path, only to lay down his life in chagrin and despair, cheered only by the miserable consolation that in the attempt to wrest from Heaven its chastisement for a grievous sin, he has, in his efforts to command success, wrought for himself a livelong misery."

As abruptly as he commenced this speech he finished it, and led the way from the hall. With a few brief remarks to the servants, in conclusion of those he had commenced when interrupted by Lady Maud, he followed him. Having procured a carriage, they made their way to Huntingford. Both alighted, but at his wish old Pengreep entered the mansion of Horace Vernon alone, while Erle strolled through the extensive and romantic grounds. As he wound his way through a maze, labyrinthine shrubbery, he heard voices, and recognized instantly Violet's rich, earnest, trembling notes. He was greatly anxious to see her, and, if possible, alone. It was this wish which had caused him instantly, though silently, to acquiesce in old Pengreep's proposition to visit Horace Vernon. From what had fallen from his companion's lips he guessed that Violet was the daughter of Ishmael, and hence he could comprehend the bitterness of his animosity against Cyril Kingswood, and his stern and determined hostility to an union between him and her.

If he was rejected at hearing the voice of Violet, so was he amazed to recognize that of Cyril Kingswood, equally rich, fervent, and earnest as that of the lovely young creature he was addressing. Not wishing or intending to overhear what they said, he found himself compelled either to play the part of a listener or forego the chance of seeing Violet for he knew not how long.

He heard Cyril speak to her in impassioned tones, imploring her to reveal to him the mystery of her birth, that he might set all other influences at defiance, and unite his fate to hers.

"Oh, Cyril!" murmured Violet, in reply, "of what significance in the eyes of our love should be my origin? I am what I am—thy love. To thee the mystery of my birth is as nothing. The revelation cannot make me love thee more than I do, it will not make me love thee less."

"There—there, Violet, is the dreadful uncertainty!" exclaimed Cyril, with unexpressed agitation.

"Nay, my beloved," interposed Violet, almost reproachfully, "did we not love when as children we wandered together beneath the leafy trees in the old Chase at Kingswood, marvelling at the golden and green light streaming through the openings in the branches and guiding our path as we went slowly and fondly on? Did our love not gather strength as we grew in years? Did we not love deeply, dearly, tenderly when Ishmael parted us? Have I not loved you truly since, though I have been hidden to forget thee, though I have been assured that you had deserted me, and that false friends had turned from me? Has Ishmael not told me that I had forgotten you, and he believed it, because I was silent and did not breathe your name save in my daily, hourly prayers? Have I not loved thee, though I was told that you wooed another and was to give your hand in marriage to your hand, Cyril, but not your heart, for your heart has been mine, my love, since first we promised when parting—a childish parting then, Cyril, to pray to Heaven for each other while apart, and that we might soon meet again? Do I love you less now than then—nay, dear, dear Cyril, do not stay my speech, for on it I smother years and years since last we sat together thus, and conversed sweetly as we are doing now. Think you I shall love you less, learning as I have from your lips that, unable to live without me, you have tracked, traced me from place to place, through all the tortuous journey Ishmael conveyed me, because I may some day ascertain my origin. Oh, my Cyril, can it be possible for any one to discover that to you I am other than Violet?"

"What—what shall I say to you, Violet?" returned Cyril. "I love you with perfect and entire truthfulness. I should love you still as fondly and dearly if it were to be disclosed to me that you were the child of a wild-ranger, but when I know that a dreadful secret hangs over you, when I with horror hear a suggestion that this terrible secret will reveal to me that you—that you, Violet—"

He paused, for a heavy groan burst from his lips, and he covered his face with his hands. Violet, trembling, with pale face, bent over him.

"Oh, Cyril!" she exclaimed, in affright, "you terrify me. Of what dreadful secret do you speak? What horrible story relates to me?"

He did not answer her save with sighs, and she saw a shadow fall on them. She looked up with, at first, fear, then she uttered a cry of joy. Erle stood before them.

"Oh, my brother!" she exclaimed, and rising up, threw herself upon his neck.

Cyril at the same instant rose to his feet, and gazed upon Erle aghast. Erle raised his hand to him. "Be not alarmed," he said, in a low tone; "but be silent, and listen to me for an instant. Surprised as you are now to see me here, and thus, you will be more amazed at what you must and what you shall, now and hereafter, hear. Violet, companion of my sorrows, the hour of thy happiness and mine is, I trust, near at hand. I am not thy brother—but Cyril," he added, "I AM THINK."

Cyril fell back with intense astonishment, and faintly echoed his words.

"It will be shortly explained to you that Lord Kingswood wedded my mother before he was united to the present Lady Kingswood. Come with me to the presence of Horace Vernon, and he will, more fully than I can, reveal the whole story to you."

Cyril looked at him bewildered; but as Erle took the hand of Violet, and conducted her—equally astounded at what she had just heard—towards the house, he made no reply, but followed. As they reached the threshold of the door, a pale, careworn, haggard-looking woman tottered up to them. She uttered a delicious, hysterical shriek, and flung herself upon Cyril's neck. "My boy—my child!" she exclaimed; "at length I have found thee—God has not forsaken me!"

It was Lady Kingswood. Cyril hardly recognized her, and Erle was deeply affected to behold her in such a condition. As she had swooned in Cyril's arms, Erle assisted him to conduct her into the house.

Within the hall they found Pengreep and Ishmael about to quit it in search of Erle. Upon the marble face of the latter appeared traces of recent tears, and his eye, as it bent on Violet and Erle, bore a softer tone. He, as soon as he beheld Lady Kingswood, appeared greatly shocked, and had her at once borne to Violet's apartments, where women attendants could employ restoratives to effect her recovery.

Before it seemed that she had reached the chamber to which she had been carried, she reappeared, and hurrying up to Cyril, caught him by the arm, clung to him, and whispered to him—"Come, come, let us quit this place, it is no home for us; I have found you, I feared in vain, but I have found you, and I will leave you no more."

"Not this roof, Lady Kingswood, for the present," exclaimed Ishmael, in a deep, yet trembling voice. "I owe to you statement. I have wrought you much unhappiness, but so far as I can I will repair it."

"Why do you call me Lady Kingswood? I am not Lady Kingswood. Who should know that so well as you who reared her?"

She pointed to Erle as she spoke.

"You are Lady Kingswood," exclaimed Ishmael, with emphasis, "and have been since Lord Kingswood married you."

Again she pointed to Erle. "Who is that boy?" she exclaimed.

"The son and the heir of Lord Kingswood," returned Ishmael; "but the first Lady Kingswood—one beautiful and fair, grievously and wickedly wronged—never bore the title. She died deserted, broken-hearted, just one week before you gave your hand to Lord Kingswood."

She sought to speak, but she could only gasp and sob passionately, and fall helpless and swooning upon Cyril's neck. In obedience to a gesture, he conveyed her to a chamber where Violet timidly, but affectionately—for was she not Cyril's mother—sat and watched by her bedside.

In the meanwhile Erle had a long conference with Horace Vernon, during which the latter confessed that he had committed the error of endeavoring to direct events, so that he might at a period settled by himself, reap a deadly vengeance sown in years long past. He had discovered, when too late, that he had made the innocent suffer with the guilty, and now that he was anxious, so far as he possibly could, to redeem his fault, he was left with but scant means to do it.

For some days he wrestled with his proud spirit alone in his closet. At length murmuring—"Vengeance is mine, oh, Lord! If I can be an instrument in Thy hands to create rather than to destroy human happiness, I will pass out from the misanthropy in which for years I have enveloped myself, and if unable to bring calm and peace to my own soul, I will strive to confer felicity upon others."

He summoned first Violet, and during a grave and anxious hour of revelations, he acknowledged himself to be her father, a confession which—he had himself to blame, and he felt it—did not elicit from Violet such an expression of delight as his subsequent announcement that he had withdrawn his hostility to Cyril's passion for her, and would give his consent to their union, provided no determined opposition sprang from Lord Kingswood.

Then Lady Kingswood, who was slowly recovering, Cyril, Erle, and Pengreep were summoned to join the father and daughter, and before them Horace Vernon acknowledged his daughter, and stated that he had reared her in seclusion and innocence that she might escape the dangers and the miseries which are attendant upon love. He had, however, found that his foresight and his plans were futile when the Almighty disposer of events ordained otherwise. Lady Kingswood offered no opposition. She, too, was chastened in her thoughts, and was now

anxious to return to Kingswood Hall, give to Lord Kingswood the explanation he so long had sought, forgive him for the cruel deceit he had practiced on her, and resume her position, or as it might be deemed advisable by both after what had happened, live apart, without the world being permitted to share their confidence.

Alas! her arrangements were not those which had already been determined by a Higher Power.

It was decided, after a consultation, that she should return with Cyril immediately to Kingswood Hall, and that Vernon, with Erle, attended by Pengreep, should follow, in order to hold an interview with Lord Kingswood respecting Erle's right and the course to be taken should Lord Kingswood refuse to receive or acknowledge him, and this programme, thus far, was carried out. Lady Kingswood had been informed of Philip Avon's crime and his incarceration, and this event, for the sake of Lady Maud, urged her to hasten her return.

She drove up in a carriage belonging to Horace Vernon, accompanied by Cyril, and she was met by Lady Maud, who threw herself into her arms and wept bitterly, for she had news to communicate.

Lord Kingswood was dead! His wound, which was severe, obstinately resisted the efforts of the surgeons to arrest its progress to inflammation, and the state of Lord Kingswood's mind only increasing its ravages, mortification set in with frightful rapidity, and Lord Kingswood, the last of the doomed of his race, passed out of life a raving maniac.

The same bell which announced the death of Lord Kingswood communicated the succession of Erle, Baron of Kingswood!

Two duties, however, Erle performed before he assumed his new rank. The first was to remove the remains of his mother from their resting-place within the Chase, and lay them in the vault of the Kingswoods in the private chapel attached to the Hall. The second to lay there also in a place of rest the remains of the murdered Lady Maud. His mother's remains he interred with only a simple ceremony, himself as chief mourner; but the long-unburied crumbling relics of the Lady Maud were laid in their last resting-place with pomp and funeral honors, at which all the Kingswood family and the whole household assisted. The aged woman Eldra was there among those who stood before the tomb, and as the last prayers were said over the velvet coffin, she sunk back into the arms of Pengreep.

"Her pilgrimage is ended!" he exclaimed, in a broken voice, to Erle.

Her prophecy was fulfilled. She died as the doom passed from the House of Kingswood, and she was placed by the side of her ancestors.

For a time Kingswood Hall was the scene of gloom, though scarcely of grief, for a companionship was speedily formed between Violet and Lady Maud, and, as each now shared the society of the being she loved best in the world, they, while mourning for the untimely end of Lord Kingswood, experienced the quiet joy which unrestricted communion with Erle and Cyril afforded them.

Lady Kingswood was horrified when she learned that the Marquis of Chillingham had fallen by her husband's hand, and that her husband's death had been occasioned by the bullet of the Marquis of Chillingham. What facts Lord Kingswood became possessed of, she never knew—she could only surmise—Old Pengreep placed in her hands one morning a paper, in which he informed her of the villainous part Pharisæe had played, and restored to her the notes written by herself to the Marquis of Chillingham, which he had purloined. She destroyed them, but could not destroy the memories they dragged up. She found, after the death of Lord Kingswood, the old Hall insupportable. She had erred, and, in a deeply contrite spirit, she retired to a secluded spot in a remote part of the kingdom, where she passed the remainder of her days, absolutely refusing all solicitations to quit it.

The scoundrel who had greatly contributed to her unhappiness was punished for his rascality by his wife, Albertina Pharisæe, nee Virgo. She never suffered him to quit her sight, and she led him a life of incessant torture.

Erle was now undisputed Lord of Kingswood. Cyril, happy in the possession of Violet, accepted his junior position in the House without a murmur. He had at first conceived a liking for Erle, and that feeling now speedily ripened into a warm and sincere attachment.

In the interval between the death of Lord Kingswood and his marriage with Lady Maud, Erle devoted himself to the pleasurable task of making himself known to the whole of his tenantry, and promised to apply himself to the graceful labor of improving their condition, and ministering to their happiness, as far as he possibly could.

At length the long-hoped-for day arrived which united him to Lady Maud. All Kingswood and the surrounding country were alive with the festivities and the rejoicings, for it was made known far and wide that the doom which had long hung like a pall over an ancient House was removed.

It was known, too, that another ancient House at the same time had ceased to exist. Sir Walter Avon was found dead in his bed after his son's arrest, and it was rumored that he had poisoned himself. Philip Avon had been tried, and though by a merciful view of his case taken by the jury who tried him, he escaped capital punishment, he was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Cyril and Violet were married at the same altar with Erle and Lady Maud. They, at Vernon's request, took up their abode with him at Huntingford, and entered upon a life which promised to be supremely happy. Vernon found a solace for the sorrows of the past in contemplating their loving serenity and devoted affection for each other.

At this period old Pengreep quietly disappeared. Although both Horace Vernon and

Erle have made eager and searching inquiries after him, he has not yet re-appeared—and probably never will.

Of Beatrice Stanhope it may be said that she found one that loved her well, and marrying her, placed her in the high position she coveted, and save with one memory, she was as happy as she could have expected to be. Arlton, her brother, married to Netty Cotton, gave up diplomacy, and took to cotton-spinning, and is now one of the largest and wealthiest, and happiest manufacturers in—Cottonville.

We must not forget Susan Harebell. Of course she married the smart young groom just as quick as arrangements could be made, because Lady Maud made her a present of a handsome dowry and an annuity; and Erle and Cyril subscribed the money for that roadside house. Should you, reader, go to Wootton-under-Edge, you will find, a few miles on—road, Susan and her husband, one of the happiest couples in the kingdom; and they will be so glad to see you, and will make you so comfortable, take our word for it.

Erle and Lady Maud Kingswood have settled down in peace and love on their estates. Erle carrying out the intention of the late Lord Kingswood, has caused the old hunting-lodge to be levelled to the ground, and all traces of it to be removed, so that the record of his ancestor's crime may no longer stand a grim monument of his evil deed in the eyes of men. The subterranean passages have been blocked up, and great alterations have been made in the ancient part of the Hall so as to remove from it, as much as possible, the ghastly character which for so long a period it maintained.

Nothing now remains for Erle to do but to solve the problem of happiness with his loved bride Lady Maud, having already—

By God's holy grace,  
Solved the wonder of Kingswood Chase.  
THE END.

BATTLE NEAR CARTHAGE, SOUTH-WESTERN MISSOURI.—A battle took place on the 3d, between the Missouri State troops under Gov. Jackson and Gen. Baines, numbering by their accounts from ten to thirteen thousand, (an exaggeration probably) and the United States forces under Col. Sigel, numbering fifteen hundred in all. Lieut. Tonkin, Col. Sigel's adjutant, and bearer of despatches to Col. Harding, gives the following particulars:—

The State troops were posted on an eminence in the prairie, with five pieces of artillery—one twelve-pounder in the centre and two six-pounders on the right and left, cavalry on each flank and the infantry in the rear of the artillery. Col. Sigel approached within eight hundred yards, with four cannon in the centre, a body of infantry and a six-pounder under Lieutenant-Colonel Hassenard on the left, Col. Solomon's command with a six-pounder on the right, and a body of infantry behind the centre artillery.

Col. Sigel's left opened fire with sharpshooters, and soon the engagement became general. The rebels had no grape, and their artilleryists being poor, their balls went over the heads of the Federal troops. After two hours' firing, the enemy's artillery was entirely silenced, and their ranks broken. About one hundred and fifty rebel cavalry then attempted to outflank Sigel, and cut off his baggage train, which was three miles back, when a retrograde movement was ordered, and the train was reached in good order.

The wagons were then surrounded by the infantry and artillery, and the retreat continued till a point was reached where the road passed through a high bluff on each side, where the enemy's cavalry were posted in large numbers by a flank, as if intending to pass around the bluff. Sigel threw his artillery into a solid body into the road, at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards from his position, when, by a rapid movement of his artillery he poured a heavy cross fire of cañister into their ranks, and at the same time the infantry charged at double quick time. In ten minutes the State forces scattered in every direction.

Eighty-five riderless horses were captured, sixty-five shot guns, and a number of revolvers and bowie knives were picked up from the ground.

Col. Sigel did not surround Carthage as reported, but attempted to reach Pierre Woods, north of the town, and after two hours' desperate fighting, in which all the forces on both sides were engaged, and in which our informant thinks the enemy lost two hundred killed, he succeeded in doing so.

The rebels retired to Carthage, and Sigel fell back on Saratoga, whence he proceeded the next day to Mount Vernon.

The lieutenant rode to Rolla, one hundred and fifty-three miles, in twenty-nine hours. He met Gen. Sweeney's command five miles, and Col. Brown's regiment sixteen miles from Mount Vernon, both pressing forward to reinforce Sigel. Lieutenant-Colonel Wolfe was not killed, as reported.

The loss on both sides was said to be heavy. Reinforcements were hurrying forward to support both parties. Gen. Lyon was near at hand to head the U. S. troops, and Gen. McCulloch to aid the rebels with an Arkansas reinforcement. Large numbers are used in the despatches, but they are probably exaggerations.

MR. AND MRS. DICKENS.—A London correspondent of the *Baltimore Journal* writes as follows:—"Mr. and Mrs. Dickens have been reconciled, and are again living together. Let us trust that we shall hear of no 'incompatibility.' The fact is that Mrs. Dickens is a plain, matter of fact, sensible woman, without any literary taste, and who, possibly, has not read the whole of her husband's novels. It seems to me that this is just the sort of wife that a *littérateur* should have, seeing that they could not come in one another's way; but Dickens thought otherwise, and sees, I suppose, in the happy relation that exists between Sir Edward and Lady Bulwer a proof of the happiness which must arise from an author and authoress are united. But Dickens is getting older, and, therefore, wiser, and sees that he will be most happy in the society of the mother of his family."

A REBEL PAPER SUPPRESSED AT ST. LOUIS.—About four hundred men of Colonel McNeill's regiment, Reserve Corps, visited the State Journal office on the 12th, and removed the type, paper, &c., and read an order from Gen. Lyon, prohibiting the further publication of that sheet. The proprietors will respect the order, and lay the whole matter before Gen. Fremont on his arrival. The reason given was that it was affording aid and comfort to the rebels, and inciting to treason.

THE IMMEDIATE SUCCESSOR OF GENERAL Davis is already nominated:—General Ruid-

#### NORTHERN MISSOURI. ANOTHER VICTORY.

1,000 rebel cavalry, under General Harris, attacked 500 United States troops near Monroe station, thirty miles from Hannibal, Mo., on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, on the 10th, and were repulsed with the loss of four killed, five captured and several wounded. The United States troops also took seven horses. Our men pursued the enemy, were again attacked and again victorious. They then took up a position and sent for reinforcements, and while there were surrounded by the enemy, who being all cavalry had the advantage of them in rapidity of movement. Twelve hundred infantry and cavalry, under ex-Governor Wood and General Mather, were immediately sent from St. Louis to the assistance of the United States troops; 500 more had been sent from St. Joseph and 700 from Hudson, so that if all these detachments reach Monroe, the United States forces will number 2,900. The strength of the whole force of the enemy is estimated by another dispatch at 3,000, and they had burned the railway station, cut the telegraph wires, and made an abortive attempt to seize a train of cars, but it escaped them.

LATER.—SMITH REINFORCED.—BATTLE AT MONROE.—THE U. S. VICTORIOUS.

St. Louis, July 12.—A gentleman from Hannibal last night says that Col. Smith's command at Monroe was reinforced by three hundred mounted men from Illinois, yesterday afternoon, when the rebels were attacked and dispersed. Gen. Harris, in command of the rebels, was forced to leave his horse and take to the woods. A large number of the rebels were captured.

Capt. McAllister, who was reported killed, was only severely wounded. He will probably recover.

The Hannibal Home Guards arrived Home safely last night.

Chicago, July 12.—Three companies sent to the relief of Col. Smith, at Monroe, Missouri, returned last night, and report the road unobstructed between Hannibal and Monroe. On arriving at the latter place, they formed a junction with Col. Smith's force, which was entrenched in the Academy Buildings.

The rebels, twelve hundred strong, were grouped over the prairie, out of reach of Col. Smith's rifles. They had two pieces of artillery, which were brought to bear, but the distance was so great that the balls were almost spent before reaching our lines. Smith's artillery was of longer range, and did considerable execution. The fight lasted until dusk, and the last shot from our side dismounted one of the enemy's guns.

Just at that moment Governor Wood, of Illinois, fell on their rear with the cavalry sent from Quincy on Wednesday, and completely routed them, taking 75 prisoners, one gun, and a large number of horses. About 20 or 30 of the rebels were killed. Not one man on our side was killed, although several were severely wounded.

Col. Smith is determined to shoot some of the most prominent rebels.

General Tom Harris, the rebel leader, escaped.

A LETTER FROM MISS LINCOLN.  
[From the Louisville Journal, July 9.]

It has been published in the Southern papers that the sympathies of the President's wife are with the Secessionists. The following very handsome letter, received by one of our fellow Kentuckians, does not indicate it:—

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, June 20, 1861.  
"Col. John Fry—My Dear Sir: It gives me very great pleasure to be the medium of transmission of these weapons, to be used in the defence of national sovereignty upon the soil of Kentucky.

"Though some years have passed since I left my native State, I have never ceased to contemplate her progress in happiness and prosperity with sentiments of fond and filial pride. In every effort of industrial energy, in every enterprise of honor and valor, my heart has been with her. And I rejoice in the consciousness that, at this time, when the institutions to whose fostering care we owe all that we have of happiness and glory, are assailed by ungrateful and parasitical hands, the State of Kentucky, ever true and loyal, furnishes to the insulted flag of the Union a guard of her best and bravest sons. On every field the prowess of Kentuckians has been manifested. In the holy cause of national defence they must be invincible.

"Please accept, sir, these weapons as a token of the love I shall never cease to cherish for my mother State, of the pride which I have always regarded the exploits of her sons, and of the confidence which I feel in the ultimate loyalty of her people, who, while never forgetting the homage which their beloved State may justly claim, still remember the higher and grander allegiance due to our common country.

"Yours, very sincerely,  
"MARY LINCOLN."

INFERNAL MACHINES.—An attempt was recently made to blow up the U. S. steamer in the Potomac, near Aquia creek, with two infernal machines. One struck the rudder of the Resolute, and became detached from its buoy and sank. The other careened over, and its fuse was extinguished by dipping in the water. The latter was hauled on board the Pawnee. It had a cylinder made of boiler iron, five feet long and eighteen inches in diameter, filled with all sorts of destructive elements, designed to blow the Potomac squadron to atoms. The machine weighed about four hundred pounds. Connecting the cylinder with the cork or buoy, which was full of a coil of slow match, was an india rubber coated fuse. It was taken to Washington.

WHAT THE UNION MEN OF WESTERN VIRGINIA THINK.—WHEELING, July 12.—The debates in the House of Delegates during the last day or two have been very interesting. They occurred mainly on the resolution of Mr. Crothers, of Brook county, to instruct Senators and Representatives to vote men and money without stint to the Government, and to oppose all compromise until rebellion was crushed, and upon a resolution of Mr. Vance, of Harrison, to protest against Mr. Lovejoy's proposition to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law. Mr. Crothers' proposition was passed with only one dissenting vote, Mr. Arnold, of Lewis county, who is regarded as a doubtful Union man. Mr. Vance's resolution was tabled by a large vote.

REFLECTED RAINBOWS.—A correspondent of a New York Journal settles the question whether a rainbow can be reflected in the water, by quoting from his diary a description of the phenomenon, which he witnessed in August, 1855, when on board the ship *Teacumseh*. This diary says:—"The surface of the water was almost calm and smooth, excepting where the rain fell around the ship for half a mile; and the bow was reflected on the ocean so as to make almost a perfect circle, of the richest tints I have ever seen in this phenomenon display. They were the brightest and most distinct."

ORNAIMENTAL FRET WORK.—The eyes of your beloved after she has been crying.



## NEWS ITEMS.

**THE President** is in reply to the resolution of the House calling for the correspondence touching the annexation of the Dominican Republic to Spain, has replied that it is not deemed advisable to communicate it at the present time.

**A Good Shot**—Mr. Ross, the veteran shot, and father of the youthful champion who carried off the honors of rifle shooting in the great English contest last year, is in active training for the approaching meeting at Wimbledon. At a range of one thousand yards, he recently hit the target fifteen times in succession, and the bull's-eye five times, counting twenty points.

**POWER OF A MINIE RIFLE**—Will a Mississippi rifle with a minie ball shoot through a steam boiler? It will. A dispute among our friends on this question arose, and was settled by trying it, and the result was, that the ball made a hole one-third longer than itself at about the distance of fifty yards. When it is convenient, we intend to test the greatest distance at which it can be done.—*Tusculum (Ala.) Constitution.*

**THE Sultan of Turkey** died on the 35th, and was succeeded by his brother, Abdul-Aziz-Khan. Everything was quiet at Constantinople.

**THE gun-boats** to be built on the Western river will have sides and bows of solid iron very thick, and the bows will be coated with steel plates. They are to be armed each with a single 50,000 pound rifled columbiad, so that the river forts of the rebels can be demolished, in descending the stream, by two or three shots. They will be at float in the course of the month of August, and be ready for service early in October, or it may be before.

**PHOTOGRAPHING THE COMET**—Mr. Whipple, a photographer of Boston, somewhat famous for his photographs of the moon and stars, has been making an effort to get a picture of the comet. He says that its photographic power of light is so feeble as scarcely to make an impression on his most sensitive preparations. As compared with that of the moon, or fixed stars even of the third or fourth magnitude, it is photographically speaking, nearly one thousandth part as brilliant.

**MR. LAWRENCE GEORGEAN**, of Galway, gun-maker, has produced a new blasting powder made from tanner's waste bark, nitrate of soda and sulphur, which is said to be much superior in efficiency to the blasting powder in general use, while it costs not more than half as much.

**PROFESSOR WHEATSTONE**, after considerable experiment, has determined that for telegraph cables a coating of india rubber is fully equal to a coating of gutta-percha of twice its thickness.

**SOUTHERN NEWSPAPERS**—The proprietors of the Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, and New Orleans journals, we see, have recently been in council, and unanimously resolved to raise the prices of their respective journals an average of thirty per cent.

**NO MORE TELEGRAPHING ARMY OPERATIONS**—General Scott has given orders that henceforward no despatches concerning the operations of the army will be carried over the telegraph line without the permit of the commanding officer.

**A CHALLENGER AND HIS SECOND CONVICTED**—George Henderson has been convicted at St. Louis of sending a challenge to W. M. Smith to fight a duel, and fined fifty dollars. M. N. Quan, his second, was fined one dollar and costs.

**THE WHEAT CROP**—The wheat crop in nearly every section of Maryland, is spoken of by the rural press as excellent in quality and abundant in quantity. Some peaches of the new crop have already been brought to market.

**THE Connecticut House of Representatives** has refused—120 to 74—to adopt the Corwin Constitutional Amendments, and also refused to repeal the State Personal Liberty Law.

**PROF. BOND**, of the Harvard Observatory, speaking of the comet, says:—On the 28th, the earth passed close to the tail, which crossed our path a day or two only in advance of us, so that we barely escaped passing through it. The distance of the comet from the earth is now about twenty-five millions of miles, and it will be visible to some, perhaps, to know that it is increasing. It will soon fade out of sight.

**THE Tennessee Legislature** refused to take any action upon the memorial from East Tennessee in favor of a separation from the rest of the State. Jeff Davis proclaimed Tennessee one of the "Confederate" rebel States, on the 3rd, and Uncle Sam has stopped the mails, with the exception of those to East Tennessee.

**STEEL PLATED STEAMERS**—The New York papers say that Capt. De Groot is building two, the steel plates of which are to be four inches thick, rendering the vessel shot and bomb-proof, and protecting the boilers. These vessels he expects to sell to the government.

**THE Secessionists** are endeavoring to prevent the escape of their slaves, by reporting that the United States authorities are selling all fugitive slaves in Cuba, to defray the expenses of the war. Of course, they know it to be a lie.

**THE passage** by the Senate of an amendment to the Volunteer Bill, authorizing the acceptance of all the cavalry, artillery, and infantry that may offer for three years, shows how vigorous is the determination of that body to aid the President in pushing forward the war—as the amendment was passed with scarcely a moment's debate.

**A PIRATE** brig, called the Jefferson Davis, has taken several prizes off the coast, as high as latitude 39, lately. If the first U. S. vessel that finds her will sink her with her guns, it will save our courts the trouble of a trial—several cutters are after her.

**CRIMES**—A prominent Southern editor, who charges that the whole Northern population are infamous ruffians bent upon over-spraying the South with rapine and ravage and murder, and who denounces us of the Louisville Journal as a traitor and calls upon the Vigilance Committee of the South to suppress our paper as an incendiary sheet, keeps his wife in the North and asks us to be the medium for the interchange of letters between her and himself.—*Louisville Journal.*

**A BROAD WOMAN**—The Princess Mary of Cambridge, whose betrothal to the Duke of Newcastle has been announced, is a very comely personage, but very stout; so stout, in fact, that she finds crinolines entirely superfluous, except around the bottom of her skirt; and it is said that it has been necessary of late to enlarge the door of her carriage. A marriage was proposed between her and Victor Emmanuel, and he was delighted at the prospect of a connection with the royal family of England through the owner of so charming a face as that of the princess, which was shown to him. But when, on his visit to England, he saw the lady, if the gulfian form—himself no slender lad—he retired precipitately from the negotiation. "I can not marry that woman," said he, "she is broad enough to sit upon the seven hills of Rome."

**FUGITIVE SLAVES**—At a recent session of the House of Representatives, Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, introduced a resolution declaring that, in the judgment of the House, it is not part of the duty of the soldiers of the United States to capture or return fugitive slaves.

After some discussion, this was passed by yeas 92, nays 55.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

**FLOUR AND MEAL**—The receipts of Flour continue fair, but with limited demand both for export and home use, ranging from \$4 to \$4.25 for spring. Wheat superfine, \$4.25; for extra and No. 1, \$4.50; for No. 2, \$4.25; for No. 3, \$4.00; for No. 4, \$3.75; for No. 5, \$3.50; for No. 6, \$3.25; for No. 7, \$3.00; for No. 8, \$2.75; for No. 9, \$2.50; for No. 10, \$2.25; for No. 11, \$2.00; for No. 12, \$1.75; for No. 13, \$1.50; for No. 14, \$1.25; for No. 15, \$1.00; for No. 16, \$0.75; for No. 17, \$0.50; for No. 18, \$0.25; for No. 19, \$0.00; for No. 20, \$0.00; for No. 21, \$0.00; for No. 22, \$0.00; for No. 23, \$0.00; for No. 24, \$0.00; for No. 25, \$0.00; for No. 26, \$0.00; for No. 27, \$0.00; for No. 28, \$0.00; for No. 29, \$0.00; for No. 30, \$0.00; for No. 31, \$0.00; for No. 32, \$0.00; for No. 33, \$0.00; for No. 34, \$0.00; for No. 35, \$0.00; for No. 36, \$0.00; for No. 37, \$0.00; for No. 38, \$0.00; for No. 39, \$0.00; for No. 40, \$0.00; for No. 41, \$0.00; for No. 42, \$0.00; for No. 43, \$0.00; for No. 44, \$0.00; for No. 45, \$0.00; for No. 46, \$0.00; for No. 47, \$0.00; for No. 48, \$0.00; for No. 49, \$0.00; 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Wit and Humor.

THE WAR FEVER IN BALDINSVILLE.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

As soon as I'd recuperated my physical system, I went over into the village. The postmaster was glad to see me. The schoolmaster said it was cheering to see that gigantic intellect among 'em once more. That's what he called me. I like the schoolmaster, and allers send him tobacco when I'm off on a travelling campaign. Besides, he is a very sensible man. Such men must be encouraged.

They don't get news very fast in Baldinsville, as a station but a plank road runs in there twice a week, and that's very much out of repair. So my neighbors wasn't much posted up in regard to the war. "Squire Baxter and he'd voted the democratic ticket for governor forty year, and the war was a dam black republican lie. Jos. Stackpole, who kills hogs for the squire, and has got a powerful musket into his arms, and he'd bet \$5 he could lick the Civil in a far stand-up fight if he wouldn't draw a knife on him. So it went—sum was for war, and sum was for peace. The schoolmaster, however, said the Slave Oligarchy must cower at the feet of the North ere a year had flowed by, or pass over his dead corpse. "Eto perpetua!" he added, "And sine qua non also!" and I, sternly, wishing to make an impression on the villagers. "Requiescat in pace!" said the schoolmaster. "Too true, too true," I answered, "it's a scandalous fact!"

The newspapers got along at last, chock full of war, and the patriotic fever fairly burst out in Baldinsville. "Squire Baxter said he didn't believe in Coercion, not one of 'em, and could prove by a file of *Engels of Liberty* in his garrit that it was all a Whig lie, got up to raise the price of whiskey and destroy our other liberties. But the old 'Squire got putty riley when he heard how the rebels was cutting up, and he said he reckoned he should skour up his old musket and do a little square skin for the Old Flag, which had allers bin on the ticket he'd voted, and he was too old to bolt now. The 'Squire is all right at heart, but it takes longer for him to fill his venerable Biler with steam than it used to when he was young and frisky. As I previously informed you, I am Captain of the Baldinsville Company. I riz gradually but most justically from drummer's Secretary to my present position. But I found the ranks wasn't full by no means, and commenced for to recruit. Havin' noticed a general desire on the part of young men who are into the Crisis to wear epipylis, I determined to have my company composed exclusively of officers, everybody to rank as Brigadier General. The fellerin was among the varis questions which I put to recruits.

Do you know a masked battery from a hunk of gingerbread?

Do you know a epipylis from a piece of chalk?

If I trust you with a real gun, how many men of your own company do you speck you can manage to kill durin the war?

Have you ever had the measles, and if so, how many?

How air you now?

Show me your tongue, &c., &c. Sum of the questions was sarcastical.

The company filled up rapid, and last Sunday we went to the meetin house in full uniform. I had a series time getting into my military harness, as it was built for me many years ago; but I finally got inside of it, tho' it fitted me putty close. However, once into it, I looked fine—in fact, aw inspirin. "Do you know me, Mrs. Ward?" said I, walkin into the kitchen.

"Know you, you old fool? Of course I do."

I saw at once that she did.

I started for the meetin house, and I'm afraid I tried to walk too strate, for I cum very near fallin over backwards; and in attemptin to recover myself, my sword got mixed up with my legs, and I fell in among a collection of young ladies, who was stancin near the church door a-seen the sojer boys come up. My cockit hat fell off, and sunbrow my coat tails got twisted round my neck. The young ladies put their hankerscher to their mouths and remarked: "Te he," while my ancient female single friend, Sary Peaseley, bust out into a loud lart. She exercised her mouth so violently that her new false teeth fell out onto the ground.

"Miss Peaseley," said I, gittin up and dustin myself, "you must be more careful with them store teeth of your'n, or you'll have to gum it agin."

Methinks I had her.

I'd bin to work hard all the week, and I felt rather snowzy. I'm afraid I did git half asleep, for on hearin the minister ask, "Why was man made to mourn?" I sed, "I giv it up," havin a vague idee that it was a conundrum. It was a conundrum remark, for the whole meetin house lookt at me with mingled surprise and indignation. I was about risen to a pint of order, when it suddenly occurred to me where I was, and I kept my seat, bluskin like the red, red rose—so to speak.

The next mornin I rose with the lark. (N. B.—I don't sleep with the lark, tho' A. G.)

My little daxter was excootin baldinsville, accompanyin herself with the band organ, and she waltz me to finger and hear her sing: "Hark! I hear a angel singin, a angel now is onto the wing."

"Let him fly, my child!" said I, a bucklin on my armer, "I must forth to my Biz."

We air progressin pretty well with our drill. As all air commandin officers, there ain't no jolney; and as we air all excoodin smart, it ain't worth while to try to outstrip each other. The idee of a company composed exclusively of Commanders-in-Chief is arriged, and I sponse I skurvisly need say, in these Brans. Considered as a idos, I flatter myself

it is putty hefty. We've got all the tackticks at our finger ends, but what we paritely excel in is resuin muskils. We can rest muskils with anybody.

Our corps will do its dooty. We go to the aid of Columby—we fight for the stars!

We'll be chopt into sassage meat before we'll exhibit our coat takes to the foe.

We'll fight till there's nothin left of us but our little toes, and even they shall defiantly wiggle! "Ever of thee," A. WARD.

THE HORSE SHOE.

Pat Fogarty went all the way from Manchester to London to "trash" Mick Fitzpatrick, which he did, winding up the performance with the assistance of an "awful horse shoe." He was detected and brought before Mr Justice Stimpelman. A part of the examination is annexed.

Court—Well, sir, you came here from Manchester, did you?

Pat—Your Honor has ascertained correct.

Court—You see the complainant's head. It was cut by a sharp instrument. Do you know what cut it?

Pat—Ain't your Honor after sayin' that a sharp instrument did?

Court (becoming restive)—I see you mean to equivocate. Now, sir, you cut that head—you came here to cut it, did you not? Now, sir, what motive brought you to London?

Pat—The locomotive, your Honor.

Court (waxing warm)—Equivocating again, you scoundrel, (raising up the horse shoe and holding it before Pat,) do you see that horse shoe, sir?

Pat—Is it a horse shoe, your Honor?

Court—Don't you see it is, sir? are you blind? Can you not tell at once that it is a horse shoe?

Pat—Begar! no, your Honor.

Court (angrily)—No?

Pat—No, yer Honor, but can yer self tell?

Court—Of course I can, you stupid Irish man.

Pat (soliloquizing aloud)—Oh! glory to goodness; see what education is, yer Honor. Sure a poor ignorant creature like meself wouldn't know a horse shoe from a mare's.

FIFTY CENTS A GAME.

Last summer, at the State Fair, a genuine Yankee was strolling about the grounds, when he was accosted by a gambler, and asked to play a game of cards.

"Well," he replied, "I don't know much about cards, I don't."

"Well," said the gambler, "I'd like to play a game with you. What will you play with me for?"

"Well," said our friend, "I'll play a game with you for fifty cents."

Down they sat, the gambler put down fifty cents, and asked our friend if he begged.

"No," said he, "I've got a very good hand—I don't beg."

"Well," replied the other, "put your money down."

"What money?" asked Jonathan.

"Why, your fifty cents."

"I didn't say I'd put down fifty cents. You asked me what I'd play for, and I said fifty cents—and I'd play you all night for fifty cents a game."

GETTING A FRIEND TO DO THE COURTIN'.

Other men than the hard-headed puritan, Miles Standish, have made the same blunder he perpetrated in sending John Allen to do his courtship with the pretty Priscilla. Envoys extraordinary are sometimes extraordinary envoys, and we should not advise any ardent swain, unless he had no tongue and was incapable of making pot books and trammeled to initiate Sam's proposal by proxy.

Sam says:

"I ups and I tells Mose all about it, and says I to Mose, says I: 'Hail you just as hevesack her for me!' He said he had. So, to make a long story short, one bitter cold night Mose and I started for the house where Liddy lived. It was agreed that I should stay in the wood shed while Mose went in and not matters right. Mose knocked at the door and went in, and I set down on a chopping log to wait the issue. Mose thought he could fix things in about half an hour, and as it was eight o'clock when he went in, I calculated on being in Paradise about half after, but there I sat, and sat, till I heard the clock strike nine, then I had to get up and stomp and thrash my hands to keep from freezing. Ten o'clock, then eleven struck, and still no Mose. At last, just about midnight, when I'd got to be little better'n a freeze'n' later, out he comes. I rushed up to him, and with a sneakin voice, 'M-M-Mose,' says I, 'what does she say?'

"Sam," says he, "join my soul, I forgot to ask her."

Just six weeks after, Mose and Liddy, which were twins, were made one flesh.

NOT VERY POSITIVE.—The Rev. Mr. Bennett, of —, was making a prayer at the funeral of a child. Two sisters of the child's mother had come from abroad to make her a visit. When the minister would make special allusion to the family, he said:—Here are three sisters gathered together; they came expecting to have a joyful meeting, and to spend much time pleasantly together; but the Lord has seen fit to afflict that one which we judge to be the youngest."

COMETS.—So many comets have already appeared without producing any perceptible effects upon the earth, that they no longer excite emotions of fear among scientific men. Arago estimated that there were at least 8,000,000 within the limits of our system, but only a very small portion of that immense number have ever been observed. Since the birth of Christ, (including reappearances,) 651 have been noticed, of which 114 have been visible during the present century.

Moralists tell us self-examination is a great virtue, an indispensable duty. I don't believe it. Generally, it is utterly useless, hopeless, and unprofitable. Much of it springs from the very egotism it pretends to cure.



THE COMING MONKEY.

It isn't so much master, a mere monkey climbing in at the parlor window, once in a while—but when the organ-grinders come to keep gordias!

THE RECRUIT'S CATECHISM.

Q. How would you form your men to meet the enemy?

A. On the square.

Q. What, in your opinion, is the most useful movement in the Zouave tactics?

A. Rounding.

Q. What time would you choose for marching through a hostile country?

A. Time of Peace.

Q. How would you get supplies and stores in a hostile country?

A. Annex 'em.

Q. What would you use for breaking the ranks of the enemy?

A. Mortars.

Q. How would you measure firearms?

A. By the barrel.

Q. At the close of the engagement, if the enemy asked you to treat, what would you do?

A. Make him stand the shot.

Q. What troops should follow cavalry on a retreat?

A. The enemy.

Q. If the drums beat to arms and your turn refused to leave their quarters, what would you think of their intent?

A. I should think those in-text were motions.

Q. What would you do if the enemy surrounded you in overwhelming force, and all retreat was cut off?

A. Fight like thunder.

A LEGEND OF NORWAY.

Near the village of Sand, in Norway, lived an old woman who was constantly rowing about in the Fjord in search of her husband, who had been drowned. She rowed her boat around the same circle, never deserting the spot, but whistling and chanting by turns; her face turned in one direction that she might watch the surface of the water. One morning the poor fisherman plunged into the element that had been his sole sustaining friend from youth to butrie, and before scarce fifteen minutes had elapsed, surrounded by a shoal of mackerel, and in sight of her who had made home pleasant, was devoured by these ravenous fish. When he raised his arm out of the water to show the dreadful fate that threatened him, and to arouse the alarm of his unconscious wife, a hundred mackerel lunged like plummets from the flesh. The fisherman sank, and was never seen or heard of more. From that morning until today, his widow, leaving lost her reason, ever rows her husband's boat about the spot where he perished, in full persuasion that he has gone to seek a sunken net, and in a little while will emerge again, and so she prays for every vessel sailing by to stay and see the truth of what she relates.—W. A. Ross.

A SWISS SUNDAY.—An American, writing from Switzerland, says:—It seems to me that a Sunday is here considered sacred in proportion to the amount of amusement that can be crowded into it. The "American manner" of keeping the Sabbath is a matter of wonder to the Swiss. I have often heard them commiserate the American Minister, Theodore S. Fay, whose reputation is broad-spread over the land as a consistent observer of the Sabbath, on his "mournful Sundays," as they are pleased to term it, "devoid of pleasure."

Their sympathy, however, does not interfere with the profound respect with which they regard him, and his newly appointed successor must be a very superior and winning person in order to fill his place in the heart of Switzerland.

FRENCH PRAYERS.—During the long war, two old ladies in Strasbourg were going to the Kirk, the one said to the other: "Was it na a wonderful thing that the Brechish were aye victorious over the French in battle?" "Not a bit," said the old lady, "dinnay ken the Brechish aye say their prayers before ga'in into battle?" The other replied:—"But canna the French say their prayers as we?" The reply was most characteristic:—"Hoo! jatherin bodies, who could understand them?"

Many are saved by the deficiency of their memory from being spoiled by their education; for those who have no extraordinary memory are driven to supply its defects by thinking.

BURY ME IN THE MORNING.

BY STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

Bury me in the morning, mother, Oh, let me have the light Of one bright day on my grave, mother, Ere you leave me alone with the night; Alone in the night of the grave, mother, 'Tis a thought of terrible fear; And you will be here alone, mother, And the stars will be shining here; So bury me in the morning, mother, And let me have the light Of one bright day on my grave, mother, Ere I'm alone with the night.

You tell of a Saviour's love, mother, I feel it in my heart; But, oh! from this beautiful world, mother, 'Tis hard for the young to part; Forever to part, when here, mother, The soul is fain to stay; For the grave is deep and dark, And Heaven seems far away. Then bury me in the morning, mother, And let me have the light Of one bright day on my grave, mother, Ere I'm alone with the night.

Target Practice.—The curvature of the earth, or depression at any given point with reference to the horizon of another given place as a starting point, increases as the squares of the distances from the starting point. The curvature at the end of one mile is 8 inches very nearly. Then the depression at different distances will be as follows:—

At 1 mile it will be 8 inches or 2/3 feet  
At 2 miles it will be 32 " 2 2/3 "  
At 3 miles it will be 72 " 6 "  
At 4 miles it will be 128 " 10 2/3 "  
At 5 miles it will be 200 " 16 "  
At 6 miles it will be 288 " 24 "

And so on, increasing in proportion to the squares of the distances. Scientific American.

"I say, boy, is there anything to shoot about here?" inquired a sportsman of a boy he met. "Well," was the reply, "nothing just about here—but the schoolmaster is down the hill yonder—you can pop him over."

TO PREVENT FLIES FROM TEASING HORSES.—Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of soft cold water; let it infuse one night, and pour the whole next morning into a kettle, and let it boil for fifteen minutes. When cold, it will be fit for use. No more is required than to wet a sponge, and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritated be smeared over with the liquor.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS OF GOOD SOAP FOR \$1.30.—Take 6 lbs. of potash, 75 cts.; 4 lbs. of lard, 50 cts.; a quarter of a pound of resin, 5 cts. Beat up the resin, mix all together well, and set aside for five days; then put the whole into a ten gallon cask of warm water, and stir twice a day for ten days, at the expiration of which time you have 100 lbs. excellent soap.

CANARY BIRDS.—Having had much trouble in protecting canary birds from the attacks of the insects that infect them and the cages, I learned the following simple method of destroying these pests, which will no doubt be a useful piece of information to many of your readers. By placing every night over the cage a white cloth, the insects gather upon it, and in the morning may be seen by carefully examining the cloth. They may thus be soon removed, and then all that is necessary is to thoroughly clean and varnish the cage.

WEEDS IN WATER.—The weeds in ornamental waters may be destroyed by throwing in, from time to time, large quantities of bay salt. This plan will prevent the water from growing putrid, and destroy the growth of the weeds. Advantage would result if we watered our streets with common salt dissolved in the water. The dust would be better laid, and remain much longer wet, (from three to four hours,) than where plain water is used. Moreover, sea-water, or a solution of common salt in water, absorbs rapidly carbonic acid gas.

WEATHER-PROOF NAILS.—Everybody knows what a difficult thing it is to nail roof boards and weather boards so that they will hold for a good length of time. There are many other places in which it is nearly impossible to make nails do the office for which they are intended.

A remedy—and the only one I ever saw—I discovered a few years ago; it is very simple, and never fails.

Take ten penny, malleable nails, and place the head in a vice; take a pair of pincers and grip the nail near the point, twist it half way round, minding to make the twist somewhat elongated. In driving, the nail becomes a screw, and neither son nor hammer can withdraw it.—Field Notes.

Useful Receipts.

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Take ten penny, malleable nails, and place the head in a vice; take a pair of pincers and grip the nail near the point, twist it half way round, minding to make the twist somewhat elongated. In driving, the nail becomes a screw, and neither son nor hammer can withdraw it.—Field Notes.

Agricultural.

AN OLD HORSE—WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

A correspondent wants to know what he shall do with an old horse. "What will he do with it, that is the question." "Not a very bad horse either," he says, "but a slow walker, has a swelled leg, and is getting old." Five dollars, as the auctioneer would say, is all he has offered for this fine large horse! He would be worth more than this to sell his hide, and convert carcass and bones into manure, but it would not be kind to kill old sorrel and devote him to so ignominious a purpose. He is altogether as decent and clean an animal as an ox, yet he cannot be sold for beef this side of Paris, while an ox of his weight would be worth forty or fifty dollars in our market. All we can do to present the matter to our readers, not to adorn a tale, for old sorrel is not an ornamental horse, but "to point a moral."

We say, shun an old horse. Sell him before he gets old to some poor fellow who does not take the American Farmer, and let him grow old on his hands. In our own experience we have purchased mules at two years old, and after working them six to eight years sold them generally for about their first cost. But what is better than this, have less horses and more oxen. Get in the way of using oxen for many more purposes than at present. When well trained they are much better adapted than is generally supposed to all the various purposes of farm labor. They are cheaper in first cost, more economically fed, and worth much more when past time.

Again, good sized cows may be made to do much work if trained to it. Our agricultural friend, Mr. Calvert, when he kept a large herd of cows, was, we know, in the habit of using cows as oxen, and was well pleased with their work. In a late number of the Country Gentleman, Mr. Lewis Baily, of Fairfax county, Va., says:

"For the last ten years I have used my cows for sawing all my fire-wood, cutting hay, straw and stalks, and considerable thrashing. I keep two or three pairs of cows broke to the yoke, which are always ready to help along when we want more team. They haul out most of my manure, and do most of my carting. With some additional food when at work I believe they give as much milk as when not worked."

Let every calf, male or female, be haltered and handled from the beginning, and they will be as docile as dogs, and save all trouble in breaking to the yoke.—American Farmer.

HAY MAKING.

The Ohio Farmer gives the following directions for making hay, the season for which is now at hand:—

"Don't dry your hay too much. Hay may be dried till it is as worthless as straw. As a good coffee maker would say, 'Don't burn your coffee, but brown it;' so say we, don't dry your hay, but cure it.' Our good old mothers, who relied upon herb tea instead of 'pottery medicine,' gathered their herbs when in blossom, and cured them in the shade. This is the philosophy of making good hay. Cut in the blossom, and cure in the shade. The sugar of the plant when it is in blossom is in the stalk, ready to form the seeds. If the plant is cut earlier the sugar is not there; if later, the sugar has become converted to woody matter. Hay should be well wilted in the sun, but cured in the cock. Better to be a little too green than too dry. If, on putting it into the barn, there be danger of 'heating the mow,' put on some salt. Cattle will like it none the less. Heat, light and dry winds will soon take the starch and sugar, which constitute the goodness of hay, out of it, and with the addition of showers, render it almost worthless. Grass cured with the least exposure to the drying winds and searching sunshine is more nutritious than if longer exposed, however good the weather may be. If ever cured, it contains more woody fibre and less nutritive matter. The true art of hay making, then, consists in cutting the grass when the starch and sugar are most fully developed, and before they are converted into seed and woody fibre, and curing it up to the point when it will answer to put it into the barn without heating, and no more.

SEX IN EGGS.—A correspondent of the London Field, talking on this subject, says:—"In all eggs, whether of poultry or pigeons, there is to be found an indentation resembling the dimple in the chin often to be found in our own sex, in the round end of the egg. This mark will always be found directly on the top or to the one side of the egg. If the breeder wishes to select eggs for hatching cock birds, let him pick those having the dimple immediately on the top of the egg; and if for hens, let him choose those eggs with the dimple to the one side. I have been assured by those who have observed this peculiarity in the marking of eggs that no better method can be adopted to insure a hatch of the sex most to be desired. The process is at least a simple and cheap one, and I offer my information as I have it."

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The Riddler.

RYTHMICAL ACROSTIC. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 14, 5, 24, 20, is a very precious stone.  
My 2, 13, 21, is useful you will find.  
My 3, 17, 7, 22, is used to run a mill.  
My 4, 14, 2, is good, cooked as you will.  
My 5, 18, 8, 2, 20, 15, you would not care to meet.  
My 6, 16, 13, is a beverage hard to beat.  
My 7, 17, 3, 24, you would not wish to drive.  
My 8, 15, 4, against which you must strive.  
My 9, 13, 25, 18, I'll acknowledge is not sweet.  
My 10, 4, 5, 21, 9, makes the loaf complete.  
My 11, 19, 13, is a female name.  
My 12, 5, 2, 16, is worthy of his fame.  
My 13, 17, 23, 5, 15, 13, 18, is a mountain of renown.  
My 14, 3, 13, 21, 21, is scarce within a town.  
My 15, 4, 21, 24, in music you will find.  
My 16, 5, 3, is useful to mankind.  
My 17, 7, 11, 14, 5, 15, is enjoyed by not a few.  
My 18, 23, 17, 19, 4, the merchant loves to view.  
My 19, 8, 14, is the lot of some on earth.  
My 20, 5, 12, 16, some inherit at their birth.  
My 21, 24, 3, 16, 20, 9, is found in every city.  
My 22, 10, 4, to lose would be a pity.  
My 23, 16, 22, 19, grows by the river side.  
My 24, 10, 3, 20, was a city noted wide.  
My whole is a proverb.

WILL WINDSOR.

CHARADE. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

'Tis night, and on the battle ground,  
The soldiers are at rest;  
No noise is heard, where once the sound  
Of war was unexpressed.

The sentinels on duty stand,  
Their watchfulness is gone;  
This secret soon my first has scanned,  
And then comes boldly on.

His task accomplished, back again  
With careful step he walks,  
Around him stand a group of men  
To listen as he talks.

They all agree that he was brave,  
Earning a meed of praise;  
And when my second to him they gave,  
They wished him length of days.

For they are merry at the news  
Which by my first was brought,  
And then my second they're apt to use,  
Like men who've bled and fought.

Generals and captains use my whole,  
It tells them how to act;  
And often gives them a new role  
In which to show their tact.

Peques, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

REBUS. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A mountain in Asia.  
A country in Asia.  
A strait in Europe.  
An oasis in Africa.  
A county in Kentucky.  
A town near the mouth of the Danube.  
A city in New York.  
A group of islands near Europe.  
A sea in Asia.  
My initials form a city in Europe, and final place of situation. F. R. W.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to know the side of an equilateral triangle, inscribed in a circle whose diameter is 125 yards? A. S. STUVER. Western Star, Ohio.